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[ORIGINAL.]

ELLEN'S INHERITANCE.

BY JULIA SOUTHALL.

As soon as the girl saw them she came towards them with springing steps without the least hesitation or awkwardness. She was lithe, agile, graceful in figure, reminding the beholder of a wild bird. Her hair was not golden, but raven black, parted smoothly over the wide, oval brow, and woven in two shining plaits, that hung below her waist. Her eyes, too, were black, not soft, but brilliantly sparkling, and the dark clear olive of her skin was relieved by the bright color of the cheeks, which glowed like velvet roses. Her mouth was small, the lips rosy and pouting, and the bright row of pearly teeth was displayed by the cherry smile resting there. She was attired in a neatly fitting dress of cotton, striped prettily with alternate blue and yellow, but her little brown feet, though small and delicately formed, were destitute of shoe or stocking.

"Walk in, will you not?" she said in her fresh, musical voice, throwing open the gate.

She did not appear to notice the vast difference between herself and the miniature ladies and gentlemen before her door, but stood in an attitude of careless grace, as if she felt herself their equal, if not their superior, holding open the gate.

Hortense at once advanced, and the rest followed her. The heiress took Magnolia's hand in her own remarking,

"Everything is so bright and blooming here, like yourself, Maggie."

"Where were you going, Hortense?" asked the farmer's daughter.

"Down to the bay," said the heiress. "I intended to stop, however, for I wished to bring my little cousin Ellen to see you."

Magnolia Bloom in her own fresh, cordial manner, welcomed timid El-

len, and they entered the house. There was no carpet on the floor, but it was white and shining as pine boards could be, and the walls were covered with white paper, in lieu of plastering. Curtains of snowy muslin shaded the windows, at which peeped in fragrant honeysuckles, and a few beautiful engravings, indicating a refined taste, hung against the wall. The furniture was of delicate maple-wood, and on a little table stood a large glass bowl filled with fancifully arranged flowers. Beside the bowl lay a pile of music and an elegant guitar. A few well-chosen books, plainly and neatly bound, lay upon the pretty workstand, all betraying a refined and cultivated taste in Magnolia Bloom.

Ellen was highly pleased with what she saw, and again was struck with the manliness and genuine good breeding of Joseph Saltone, affording, as it did, such a striking contrast to the manners of his sister and the Carstone boys.

"Come out into the arbor," said Magnolia Bloom, "and I will give you a real rural repast, such you do not get often, I suspect."

They went gaily enough, for Magnolia's nonchalance and easy politeness melted the hateur and stateliness even of Mary Saltone, and the farmer's daughter brought them a huge earthen bowl, a real farmer's bowl, full of the most delicious cream, with an island of corn-colored peaches, crushed and sweetened. She dipped out a portion for each with a great silver ladle, after supplying them with saucers and spoons, and they

ate the luscious repast with a zest and enjoyment peculiar to children.

"That was so nice!" said Lydia Livingston, replacing her empty saucer on the large rock which served for a table, and shaking her head as Magnolia was about to help her to more. "Ah! you have things always just right, Maggie. Nobody's like you!"

"And I am like nobody," laughed Magnolia.

"That is true, said Hortense Rutledge. "You are unlike any one I ever met. I wish I were a prophetess."

"Why so?" asked Carstone.

"I would so much like to know the destiny of each one here. We are children now, will we ever meet as pleasantly and sociably as now?"

"Let me be the soothsayer," said Edwin. "I will predict the fate of each one."

"Yes! yes! cried the children, together. "And begin with Genie."

"Genie will be a belle," said Edwin, "and after dancing through life over a path strewn with roses, she will marry some one with the necessary recommendations, good looks, wealth, and good family, and become a model fine lady."

"You are a false soothsayer," cried Eugenie, laughing.

"Lydia," continued Edwin, "has nothing remarkable to tell. She will float down life's stream quietly and smoothly to the end. So with Henry and John. Each will be happy in his own peculiar way."

"Don't predict such a hum-drum lot for me!" exclaimed Mary Saltone.

"I will not. You will be greatly admired and sought after. Your lot will be more brilliant than happy, and you will be admired more than beloved."

"Good, I am content with admiration."

"Joseph will be a politician. His talents will procure him admirers and his good qualities friends. Probably he will be President of these 'more or less' United States. Finally he will marry some nice little lady, with the soft blue eyes and sunny locks he fancies so much, retire from public life, live a while, and—die."

"And that will be the end!" said Joseph.

"Not so," replied Edwin; your countrymen will probably erect a monument to your memory. Hortense will walk through life in an upper air of her own, surrounded by rose-tinted clouds and hearing sweet sounds unknown to us mortals. Genius will bring her a crown of thorns and flowers. She will inhale the fragrance of the one and feel the strengthening of the other. Being too cold and proud to love she will reach the ultima thule of misery, in dying a blue-stockings and an old maid."

"Horrible!" cried Hortense. "And Maggie?"

"Will be happy," said Edwin.

Her name is typical of her future life. The magnificent flowers of the Magnolia tree—that is, beauty and intellect—will ornament her walk through life. She will not, indeed, see the sweet flowers that bloom at her feet, but she will be content with

the prouder bloom overheard. I cannot compare Ellen's future to aught but a placid lake, upon which the moon-beam loves to linger, shut in by green mountains, rippled by no fitful breeze, the very emblem of peaceful repose. It is impossible to imagine Ellen struggling against the winds and waves that agitate the sea of life."

"Very true," said Joseph. "Her fate will be to love and be loved."

"And your own destiny?" observed Magnolia Bloom to Edwin.

"Will be unfolded by time," he replied.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"SHE WON'T HEAR ME."

"I wish that you would talk to my daughter, sir. You know all the circumstances of her case, and perhaps you can have some influence for good over her. She won't listen to anything that I can say." What words were these to be wrung, by a daughter's conduct, from the lips of a mother? "She won't hear me." Alas! who, then, will she hear? She will not listen to her whose eyes were the first that watched over her infancy, and which have grown dim with many tears shed for her sake—she will not listen to her whose heart has never beat one throb that was not true to her and her real interests—to the mother whose bosom was her cradle, and her home in her helpless years, and which yearns over her now with unutterable love, pity and anguish—will not listen to her who labors for her by day, and dreams of her by night—who prays for her with unceasing prayer!

THE NEGLECTED ONE.

"CHRISTINE, do be obliging for once, and sew this button on my glove, won't you?" cried Ann Lambert, impatiently, throwing a white kid glove in her sister's lap. "I am in such a flurry! I won't be ready to go to the concert in two or three hours. Mr. Darcet has been waiting in the parlor an age. I don't know what the reason is, but I never can find anything I want, when I look for it, whenever I don't want a thing, it is always in the way. Have you sewed it on yet?" she asked, looking around from the bureau, where she was turning everything topsy turvy, in the most vigorous manner. Christine was quietly looking out of the window, yawning and gazing listlessly up at the moon and stars.

"O no matter if you have no button on," was her reply. "I really don't feel like moving my fingers just now. You must wait on yourself. I always do."

"I shouldn't have expected anything but your usual idle selfishness, even when I most need your assistance," replied Ann, in a cool, bitter tone; the curve of her beautiful lip, and the calm scorn of the look she bent on Christine, betrayed her haught, passionate character, and it also told that she was conscious of a certain power and strength of mind, which when roused, could and would bend others to her will. A slight, contemptuous smile was on her lip, as she picked up the glove which had fallen on the floor.

"I'll sew the button on, Ann," said Christine, taking it from her,

and looking up seriously, but with a compressed expression about her face. Her cheeks burned; there was a reproach in her steady gaze, before which Ann's scornful smile vanished.

"No, Christine I will wait on myself," she answered in a rigid tone.

"Very well," and Christine turned to the window again. She had not quailed before her sister's look, but its bitter contempt rankled in her heart, and poisoned the current of her thoughts. Not a word was spoken, when Ann with her bonnet on, left their apartment. The front door closed; Christine listened to the sound of her sister's voice in the street a moment, then rose from her chair, and threw herself upon the bed sobbing violently.

"Oh! why has God made me as I am?" she murmured. No one loves me. They do not know me; they know how bad I am—but, oh! they never dream how often I weep, and pray for the affection that is denied me. How Ann is caressed by everybody, and how indifferently am I greeted! There is no one in the wide world who takes a deep interest in me. I am only secondary with father and mother; they are so proud of Ann's beauty and talent, they do not think to see whether I am possessed of talent or not. They think I am cold and heartless, because they have taught me to restrain my warmest feelings; they have turned me back upon myself, they have forced me to shut up in my own heart, its bitterness, its prayers for affection, its pride its sorrow. They have

made me selfish, disobliging, and disagreeable, because I am too proud to act as if I would beg the love they are so careless of bestowing. And yet, why am I so proud and so bitter? I was not so at school; then I was gentle and gay; then I too was a favorite; they called me amiable. I am not so now. Then I dwelt in an atmosphere of love, only the best impulses of my nature were called out. Now—oh! I did not know I could so change; I did not know that there was room in my heart for envy and jealousy. I did not know myself!”

Christine wept, until her head ached, and her forehead felt as if it was swelled almost to bursting. “After a storm, there comes a calm,” is a truism well known. In about half an hour, she was sleeping profoundly, from mere exhaustion of feeling. But her face was pale, and sad to look upon, even in her sleep.

When Ann returned home, at a late hour, she glanced hastily at the bed, to see if she had retired, and was sleeping. More than once during the evening her heart had reproached her for the part she had acted. With a noiseless step she approached Christine, and bent over her. The tear-drop upon her pale cheek revealed her character. How her conscience smote her, for the grief upon that countenance, now so subdued by the spirit of sleep! Its meek sadness and tenderness stirred in her bosom feelings she had seldom experienced. She felt and understood better than ever before, her sister’s proud reserve with herself, as well as every one else. She kissed

away the tear, and knelt at the bedside in prayer, a thing she had not done for years. A flood of tender and self-reproachful feelings came over her; the spring was touched, and she wept aloud. Christine started up, and murmured a few broken sentences, before she was fully conscious of the meaning of the scene.

“What is the matter Ann, are you crying?” she at length asked, as her sister lifted up her face. Ann arose from her knees; she hesitated, she felt as if she could throw herself into Christine’s arms, and weep freely as she asked forgiveness for her conduct. She felt that she would be affectionately pardoned. And yet she stood silent; her heart brimming with tenderness all the while—something held her back; a something that too often chills a pure impulse, a gush of holy feeling. It was pride. She could not bring herself to speak words of penitence and humility. But she did not turn away from the anxious gaze riveted upon her; she drooped her eyes, and the tears rolled slowly down her face.

“Oh, Ann, dear Ann, this does not seem like you!” said Christine, tenderly approaching her. “I am your sister; if you have any sorrow, why may I not sympathize with you? How can you be sorrowful? you never meet with neglect, and—” the young girl paused hastily, with a suddenly flushed face; she had inadvertently betrayed what she had previously so carefully concealed under the mask of callous indifference—she had shown that she felt keenly her own position, and that of her sister as a favourite. Ann was proud

of her intellect and fascinating beauty; she was selfishly fond of admiration. She knew that her sister was really as gifted as herself, if not more so; she had heard her converse at times, when her cheek glowed, and her eye kindled with enthusiasm. She had seen her, very rarely, but still she had seen her, when *expression* had lit up her face with a positive beauty—when the soul, the life of beauty beamed forth, and went to the heart with a thrill that acknowledged its power. She knew that she would have been brilliant and fascinating, if she had not been repressed; with all her faults, there was a more feminine yieldingness about her, than about herself. There was an affectionate pathos in her voice, a tender grace in her air, when she asked to sympathize in her sorrow. Ann felt for the first time fully, that she was one to love, and be beloved in the social circle. She felt that she had been most ungenerous to absorb all the attention of her friends, instead of bringing forward the reserved, sensitive Christine. The sisters had never been much together; they had never made confidants of each other;—Ann was the eldest, and all in all with her parents, while Christine was a sort of appendage. Ann felt the unintentional reproach conveyed in her last words; she marked how quickly she stopped, and seemed to retire within herself again; she scanned her face closely, and generous feelings triumphed.

"Dear Christine" she said in a low voice, passing her arm around her. "We have never been to each

other what sisters ought to be. I have been too thoughtless and careless; I have not remembered as I should have done, that you returned from school, a stranger to the majority of our friends and acquaintances. You are so reserved, even here at home; you never talk and laugh with father and mother as I do."

"Do you know why I appear cold Ann? I am not so by nature. They do not seem to care when I speak, and I am not yet humble enough to have what I say treated with perfect indifference."

"Why, Christine, you are too sensitive," said Ann, half impatiently.

"Be as noisy and lively as I am; entertain father, and say what will to please mother; then you will be as great a pet as I."

"Even if I should value love, based upon my powers of pleasing, instead of the intrinsic worth of my character I could not gain it, Ann. I came home, after my long absence, as merry and light-hearted, as full of hope, of love towards you all, as ever a happy school girl did. Then I was seventeen; it seems as if long years had elapsed since the day I sprang into your arms so joyfully—since father and mother kissed me. Home sweet home, how musical those words were to me! how often I had dreamed of nestling at father's side, your hand locked in mine, and mother's smile upon us both. It was not long before I was awakened from the dream I had cherished so long. I thought my heart would break when the reality that I was unloved, came upon me. Then I learned how deep were the fountains

of tenderness within me. My heart overflowed with an intense desire for affection, when I saw that I did not possess it. Oh! how often I looked upon mother's face, unobserved, and felt that my love for her was but a wasted shower. At that time of bitterness, how sad was the revelation that came up from the very depth of my soul, teaching me a truth fraught with suffering—that affection is life itself! I felt that it was my destiny never to be cheered by its blessed light and warmth. Months passed away, and I closed up my heart; a coldness, a stoic apathy came over me, which was sometimes broken by a slight thing; the flood-gates of feeling gave way, and I wept with a passionate sorrow—over my own selfishness—over my own lonely heart, without one joy to shed a glow on its rude desolation. Oh? then, when I was softened, when I could pray, and feel that the Lord listened to me, I would have been a different being if mother's hand had been laid fondly upon my head, if her eyes had filled with tears, and I could have leaned upon her bosom and wept. But I was unloved, and my heart grew hard again."

"Don't say that you are unloved," interrupted Ann, pressing Christine to her heart, and sobbing with an abandonment of feeling. "Forgive me dear, dear sister! my heart shall be your home—we will love each other always; I will never again be as I have been. Don't weep so, Christine, can't you believe me? I am selfish, I am heartless sometimes, but a change has come over me to-night; to you I can never be heartless again!"

At that moment, few would have recognised the haughty Miss Lambert in the tearful girl, whose head drooped on Christine's shoulder, while her white hand was clasped and held in meek affection to her lips. If we could read the private history of many an apparently cold, heartless being, we would be more charitable in our opinions of others. We would see that there are times when the better feelings, which God has given as a pure inheritance, are touched. We would see the inner life from Him, flowing down from its home in the hidden recesses of the soul, breaking and scattering the clouds of evil, which had impeded its descent—we would see the hard heart melted, though perhaps briefly, beneath angel influences. We would see that all alike are the beloved creations of the Almighty's hand, and we would weep over ourselves, as well as others, to feel how seldom we yield to the voice that would ever lead us aright. Ann Lambert, as her heart overflowed with pure affection, thought sincerely that no selfish action of hers should ever sadden Christine. She felt that she was unworthy, that she had been cruel and selfish, but she imagined her strong emotion of repentance had uprooted the evils, which had only been shaken.

Christine dried her tears, and looked earnestly, and inquiringly in her sister's face, as if she suspected there was some hidden sorrow with which she was unacquainted. Ann answered her look by saying,

"You wonder what I was weeping for, when you awoke, Christine. I

had met with no sorrow ; but when I looked at you, the course of conduct I had pursued towards you came up before me vividly : I felt how unsisterly I had been—”

“Say nothing about it,” interrupted Christine, with delicate generosity, “let the past be forgotten, the future shall be all brightness, dearest Ann. We will pour out our hearts to each other, and each will strengthen the other in better purposes. I am no longer alone, you love me and I am happy.”

That night, the dreams of the sisters were peaceful. One happy week passed away with Christine ; Ann was affectionate and gentle, and only went out when accompanied by her. They were inseparable ; they read, wrote, studied, and sewed together. For the time, Ann seemed to have laid aside her usual character ; she yielded to her purest feelings ; no incident had yet occurred to mar her tranquility. One evening, when she was reading aloud to Christine in their own apartment, a servant girl threw open the door and exclaimed,

“Miss Ann, there are two gentlemen waiting in the parlor to see you ; Mr. Darcet and Mr. Burns !”

“Very well,” replied Ann, rising, and giving the book to Christine ; but she took it away in the instant, and said,

“Come, Crissy, go down with me !”

“Oh, no matter,” replied her sister, “I am not acquainted with them, and I would rather stay up here, and read. Mother will be in the parlor.”

“Snit yourself, returned Ann,

hal carelessly, as she smoothed her hair. “When you get tired of reading, come down.”

“I’ll see about it,” said Christine, as the door closed.

Ann looked beautiful indeed, as she entered the parlor, her features lit up with a smile of graceful welcome. After a little easy trifling, the conversation turned upon subjects which she knew Christine would be interested in. Under a kind impulse, she left the room, and hastened to her.

“Come down into the parlour, Christine,” she exclaimed, laying her hand affectionately upon her shoulder, as she approached. “Mr. Darcet is telling about his travels in Europe, and I am sure you will be interested. There is no need of your being so unsociable. Come, dear !”

Christine raised her face with an eloquent smile ; she went with Ann without speaking, but her heart was filled with a sweet happiness, from this proof of thoughtful affection. When she was introduced to Ann’s friends, there was a most lovely expression on her face, breathing forth from a pure joyfulness within.

“I was not aware that you had a sister, Miss Lambert,” said Mr. Darcet, turning to Ann, when they were quietly seated after a brief admiring gaze at Christine.

“Perhaps I have been too much of a recluse,” replied Christine quickly, in order to relieve the embarrassment of Ann, which was manifested by a deep blush. “I have yielded to sister Ann’s persuasions this time to be a little sociable, and I think I shall make this a beginning of sociabilities.”

"I hope so," returned Darcet; "do you think being much secluded, has a beneficial effect upon the mind and feelings?"

"I do not," was the young girl's brief answer. The colors came to her cheek, and a painful expression crossed her brow, an instant. "But sometimes—" the sentence was left unfinished. Darcet's curiosity was awakened by the sudden quiver of Christine's lip, and forgetful of what he was about, he perused her countenance longer, and more eagerly, than was perfectly polite or delicate. She felt his scrutiny, and was vexed with her tell-tale face. There was a silence which Mrs. Lambert interrupted by saying; with a smile.

"We should like to hear more of your adventures, Mr. Darcet, if it is agreeable to you."

"Oh! certainly!" he replied. And he whiled an hour quickly away. Ann was then urged to play and sing, which she did, but there was a little haughtiness mingled with her usual grace.

"Don't you sing, Miss Christine?" asked Darcet, leaving the piano, and approaching the window where she sat, listening attentively to Ann.

"I do sometimes," answered Christine, smiling, "but Ann sings far better."

"Let others judge of that. Isn't that fair?"

"We often err in thinking we do better than other people, but I think we generally hit the truth, when we discover that in some things, at least, we are not quite as perfect as others."

"Certainly, but it is the custom to speak of ourselves, as if we were in-

ferior to those whom we really regard as beneath us in many respects. There is no true humility in that; we depart from the truth."

"Custom sanctions many falsehoods; to speak the truth always, would make us many enemies. But we might better have them, than to contradict the truth; what do you think?" Christine looked up with an earnest seriousness.

"Truth, and truth alone, should govern us in every situation, let the consequences be what they may," said Darcet, in a tone that sounded almost stern; then more gently he added, "Before all things I prize a frank spirit; for heaven may be reflected there. With all, this upright candour must in a measure be acquired. Yet I think frankness to our own souls is acquired with far more labor. We shrink from a severe scrutiny into our tangled motives."

"And when these motives are forced upon our notice, we endeavor to palliate and excuse them. I am sure it is so," exclaimed Christine earnestly, for her own young heart's history came up before her, and she remembered that she had excused herself for acting and feeling wrong, on the plea that others had not done right by her. "But"—she continued after a pause, "you cannot think it is well always to express the sentiments which circumstances may give rise to. Such a course might prevent us from doing a great deal of good."

"Certainly it might. The end in view ought to be regarded. Good sense, and a pure heart, will show us the best way in most cases."

There is a power deep and silent, exerted by good persons; the folded blossoms of the heart slowly open in their presence, and are refreshed. A new impulse, a pure aspiration for a higher life, a yearning after the perfecting of our nature, may be sown as a seed in hearts that are young in the work of self-conquest. Thus it was with Christine. The influence of Darcet strengthened all that was good within her; and as they remained long engaged in deep and earnest conversation, the elevation and purity of his sentiments gave clearness and strength to ideas that had been obscure to her before, because unexpressed. Her peculiar situation had made her far more thoughtful than many of her years. She thought she had lost the gay buoyancy of her childhood, but she was mistaken. She was one to profit by lessons that pressed down the bounding lightness of her spirit; she was yet to learn that she could grow young in glad feelings, as years rolled over her head. There was a subdued joy in her heart, that was new to her, and gave a sweetness to her manner, as she poured forth the guileless thoughts that first rose to her lips. It seemed strange to meet with the ardent sympathy which Darcet manifested by every look of his intelligent face; she could scarcely realize that it was herself, that anybody really felt interested in the thoughts and imaginings that had clustered around her solitary hours. At parting, he said with warm interest, as he slightly pressed her hand,

"I hope, Miss Christine, we may have many conversations on the subjects we have touched upon to-night."

"Oh! I hope so," replied Christine, with a frank, bright smile. After the gentlemen had gone, Christine threw her arm around her sister, and said gaily, "Hav'n't we had a pleasant evening, Ann, my dear?"

"Pleasant enough," said Ann, trying to yawn, "but I felt rather stupid, as I often do."

"Stupid! Is it possible?" exclaimed the astonished girl. "You were talking with Mr. Burns; well, he didn't look as if he would ever set the North River afire with his energies, it is true."

Ann smiled very slightly, then rather pettishly disengaged herself from the detaining hand of Christine, and taking a light, retired without saying anything, but a brief good-night to her mother. Christine soon followed, wondering what made Ann so mute and sharp in her actions. "Why, Ann, are you angry with me?" she asked, going up to her, as soon as she entered the apartment.

"I don't know what I should be angry for," was the impatient reply. "Can't a person be a little short when sleepy, without being tormented with questions about it?"

"Oh, yes, I won't trouble you any more." And making due allowance for Ann's quick temper, Christine occupied herself good-humouredly with her own thoughts. The secret of Ann's shortness and sleepiness

lay here. Her vanity was wounded to think, that Christine was more interesting than her own beautiful self.

"Well, he is a sort of a puritan, and now I begin to understand Christine, better, I think she is too," thought Ann, after she had mused her irritation away a little. "He is very polite and agreeable, and it was very pleasant to have him always ready to take me out when I wanted to go, but I never felt perfectly easy in his company; I was always afraid I might say something dreadful, something that would shock his wonderful goodness. But Christine seemed perfectly at home. How bright and lovely she looked! I will not allow evil thoughts to triumph over me. I will not be vexed simply because she eclipsed me, where no one ever did before. She is a dear, affectionate girl and I made a vow before God to love her always, never to be to her as I was once."

A fervent prayer brought back to Ann all her former tranquility, and she pressed a kiss upon Christine's forehead, full of repentant affection. Just before she went to sleep, she thought to herself,

"Well, if I may trust my woman's perception, Darcet will be exclaiming, after he has seen Christine a few times more,

"Oh! love, young love, bound in thy rosy bands."

Ann's perception proved correct. About a year after these cogitations, Christine became Mrs. Darcet. The sisters were much changed, but Christine the most so. There was a child-like simplicity and sweetness beam-

ing from her young face, which Ann needed. Yet had much haughtiness faded from the brow of that beautiful girl; she had grown better; but as yet her heart had not been schooled in suffering as Christine's had. There was a deep affection in the warm tears that fell upon the bride's cheek, as poor Ann felt that she had indeed gone to bless another with her tender goodness. Christine's warm heart grew yet more sunny in her own happy little home, and her feelings more open and expansive, beneath the genial influence of other eyes.

Gertrude Vonder Wart.

WIFE OF BARON VONDER WART.

IN the fourteenth century, the Baron Vonder Wart was accused, by John of Swabia, of being an accomplice in the murder of the Emperor Albert. There is every reason to believe that the unhappy man took no part in the assassination. He was, however, bound to the torturing wheel, where his sufferings ended only with his life. The devotion of his wife, during these heart-rending hours, is described by herself, in a letter to her friend Margaretha Freianstien; it was inserted in a book published at Harlem, in 1818, under the title of "Gertrude Vonder Wart, or Fidelity till Death. A true History of the Fourteenth Century."

"I prayed under the scaffold, on which my husband was fastened alive upon the wheel, and exhorted him to fortitude. I then arose, and

with thick pieces of wood built myself a kind of steps, by means of which I could mount up to the wheel, laid myself upon his trembling limbs and head, and stroked the hair from his face, which the wind had blown over it.—‘I beseech you, leave me! Oh, I beseech you!’ he exclaimed continually. ‘When day breaks, if you should be found here, what will be your fate? and what new misery will you bring upon me? Oh, God! is it possible that thou canst still increase my sufferings.’

“‘I will die with you; ’tis for that I come, and no power shall force me from you,’ said I; and I spread my arms over him, and implored God for my Rudolph’s death.

“The day broke slowly, when I saw many people in motion opposite us; I replaced the thick pieces of wood where I had found them. It was the guard, who had fled on my appearance, but had remained near the spot, and as it seemed, caused a report to be made of what had passed, for at day-break all the people, men, women and children, came flocking out of the town.

“Among these people I recognized the goaler, who had given me up the preceding evening to Von Landenberg. The report must also have reached him, that I had been with my husband; for he approached me, shaking his head, and said, ‘Woman! this was not the intention when Landenberg fetched you yesterday!’

As more people approached, I saw also several women of my acquaintance, among them was the wife of

the baileff Hugo Von Winterthur; I saluted her, and begged her intervention with her husband the executioner to put an end to my husband’s cruel sufferings.

“‘He dare not do anything for me,’ sighed Wart, upon the wheel, again moving his head at this moment, and looking down upon me with his swollen eyes.—‘He dare not do anything: the Queen pronounced the sentence; and the baliff must therefore obey: otherwise I had well deserved of him that he should do me this last kindness.’

Some persons brought me bread and confectionary, and offered me wine to refresh me; but I could take nothing. The tears that were shed, and the pity that animated every heart, and was kindly expressed, was to me the most agreeable refreshment. As it grew lighter, the number of people increased; I recognized also the sheriff Steiner Von Pfungen, with his two sons, Conrod and Datlikor; also, a Madame Von Neftenbach, who was praying for us.

“The executioner came also; then Lamprecht, the confessor; the first said with a sigh, ‘God have compassion on this unhappy man, and comfort his soul!’ the latter asked Rudolph if he would not yet confess? Wart, with a dreadful exertion of all his strength, repeated the same words that he had called out to the Queen before the tribunal at Bruck. the priest was silent.

“All at once I heard a cry of ‘make way!’ and a troop of horsemen approached with their vizors down.

"The executioner kneeled, the confessor laid his hand upon his breast, the horsemen halted. Fathers and mothers held up their children in their arms, and the guard with their lances formed a circle, while the tallest of the knights raised himself in his stirrups, and said to the executioner, 'Whither are the crows flown, that he still keeps his eyes?' and this was the Duke Leopold.

"My heart ceased to beat, when another knight, with a scornful smile said: 'Let him writhe as long as he has feeling; but these people must be gone. Confounded wretches! this sighing and crying makes me mad! No pity must be shown here; and she, who so increases the howling, who is she? what does the woman want? away with her!'

"I now recognized the voice of the Queen. It was Agnes, in the dress and armor of a knight. I remarked immediately that it was a woman's voice, and it is certain that it was Agnes.

"It is Wart's wife! I heard a third knight say. 'Last night, when the sentence was executed, we took her with us to Kyburg. She escaped from us; and I must find her here then! We thought that in her despair she had leaped into the moat of the castle! We had been seeking her since this morning early. God! what faithful love! Let her alone; nothing can be done with her.'

"I here recognized the mild tempered youth, Von Landenberg. How well did he now speak for me! I could have fallen at his feet.

"Well, Gertrude!" cried a fourth tone, 'will you not yet take rational

advice? do not kill yourself! save yourself for the world! you will not repent of it.'

"Who was this, Margaretha? I trembled; it was she who wanted to persuade me at Brugk, to leave the criminal Wart to his fate, and pass days of joy with her. Then I too could almost have exclaimed, 'God! this is too much!'

"Agnes made a sign to the esquire to raise me up, and bring me away from the scaffold. He approached me, but I threw my arm round it, and implored my own and my husband's death. But in vain! two men dragged me away. I besought assistance from Heaven; it was granted me.

"Von Landenberg (otherwise a faithful servant of Austria), once more ventured to speak for me. 'Cease to humble her; such fidelity is not found on earth: angels in Heaven must rejoice at it; but it would be good if the people were driven away.'

"They let me loose again; the horsemen departed; tears flowed from Lamprecht's eyes; he had acted strictly according to his duty, and executed the will of the Queen: he could now listen to the voice of nature, and weep with me. 'I can hold out no longer, noble lady! I am vanquished! your name shall be mentioned with glory among the saints in heaven, for this world will forget it. Be faithful unto death, and receive the crown of life,' said he—gave me his hand and departed.

"Every body now left the place, except the executioner and the guard; evening came on, and at length silent

night; a stormy wind arose, and its howling joined with the loud and unceasing prayers which I put up to the Almighty

"One of the guard now brought me a cloak to protect me against the wind, because it was night; but I got upon the wheel and spread it upon the naked and broken limbs of my husband; the wind whistled through his hair, his lips were dry. I fetched him some water in my shoe, which was a refreshment to us both. I know not, my dearest Margaretha, how it was possible for me to live through such heart-breaking and cruel hours!

"But I lay as if guarded and strengthened by God's Angels; continually praying near the wheel on which my whole world reposed.

"During this time my thoughts were with God. As often as a sigh broke from the breast of my Rudolph, it was a dagger in my heart. But I remember the Holy Virgin, how she too had suffered under the cross of her Son, and consoled myself with the hope that after a short time of

suffering, the eternal joys of Heaven would be my portion, and this gave me courage to suffer; I knew, too, for whom I suffered, and this gave me strength in the combat, so that I endured to the very last moment.

"Though Wart had at first so earnestly begged of me not to increase his agonies by my presence, yet he now thanked me as much for not having left him. In my prayers to God he found consolation and refreshment; it was a comfort to his soul when I prayed.

"How the last dreadful morning and noon were spent, permit me to pass over in silence. A few hours before evening, Rudolph moved his head for the last time; I raised myself up to him. He murmured very faintly, but with smiling love upon his lips, these words: *Gertrude, this is fidelity till death,* and expired. On my knees I thanked God for the grace which he had given me to remain faithful to the end."

Good Wives.

[Original.]

To Somebody,

BY CARRIE B. SINCLAIR.

I would I were that little ring
Around thy finger bound;
For oh! to me no dearer place
Had jewel ever found.

I would I were that nice cigar
That rests between thy lips;
For oh! I grudge the honey
Of that nectar which it sips.

I would I were a soft kid glove
 Upon thy snowy hand;
 Or yet, the gentle breeze by which
 Thy rosy cheek is fanned.

I would I were that little lock
 Above thy forehead fair,
 I'd twine myself into a curl
 And lay forever there.

I would I were a little bird,
 I'd fly to thy dear breast,
 And in one corner of thy heart
 I'd make my little nest.

I'd listen to the music .
 Of thy soft heart as it beat,
 And never, wander more
 From out my sweet retreat!
 AUGUSTA, Ga.

The Sacrifice.

"There, Mary; now don't you think I deserve to be called a good husband?" laughed the young man, as he dropped down in the lady's palm half a dozen gold pieces.

"Yes you are, Edward, the very best husband in the world," and she lifted up her sweet face beaming with smiles, as a June day with sunshine.

"Thank you, thank you, for the very flattering words. And now, dear I want you to have the cloak by next Christmas. I am anxious to see how you look in it."

"But, Edward," gazing earnestly at the shining pieces in her rosy palm, "you know we are not rich people, and it really seems a piece of extravagance for me to give thirty dollars for a velvet cloak."

"No it is not, either. You deserve the cloak, Mary, and I've set my mind upon your having it. Then it will last you so many years, that it will be more economical in the end than a less expensive article."

It was evident the lady was predisposed to conviction. She made no further attempt to refute her husband's arguments, and her small fingers closed over the gold pieces as she rose up, saying, "Well, dear, the supper has been waiting half an hour, and I know you must be hungry."

Edward and Mary Clark were the husband and wife of a year. He was a bookkeeper in a large establishment, with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars. His fair young wife made a little earthly paradise of his cottage home in the suburbs of the

city, for within its walls dwelt two lives that were set like music to poetry, keeping time to each other. And here dwelt also that peace which God giveth to those who love him.

* * * * *

Mrs. Clark came into the sitting-room suddenly, and the girl lifted her head, and then turned it away quickly, but not until the first glance told the lady that the fair face was swollen and stained with tears.

Janet Hill was a young seamstress whom Mrs. Clark occasionally employed for the last six months. She was always attracted by her young bright face, her modest yet dignified manner, and now the lady saw at once that some great sorrow had smitten the girl.

Obedying the promptings of a warm, impulsive heart, she went to her and laid her hand on her arm, saying softly, "Wont you tell me, what is troubling you so, Janet?"

"Nothing that anybody can help," answered the girl, trying still to avert her face, while the tears swelled in her eyes from the effort she made to speak.

"But perhaps I can. At any rate, you know it does us good sometimes to confide our sorrows to a friend, and I need not assure you that I sincerely grieve because of your distress."

And so with kind words and half-caressing movements of the little hand, laid on the seamstress's arm, Mrs. C. drew from her lips her sad story.

She was an orphan supporting

herself by her daily labors, and she had one brother, just sixteen, three years her junior. He had been some time a kind of under-clerk in a large wholesale establishment, where there was every prospect of his promotion; but he had seriously injured himself in the summer by lifting some heavy bales of goods, and at last a dangerous fever set in which had finally left him in so exhausted a state that the doctor despaired of his recovery.

"And to think I shall never see him more, Mrs. Clark," cried the poor girl, with a fresh burst of tears.

"To think he must die away there, among strangers in the hospital, with no loving face to bend over him in his last hours, or brush away the damp curls which mamma used to be so proud of. O George! my darling, bright faced little brother George!" and here the poor girl broke down in a storm of tears.

"Poor child, poor child," murmured Mrs. Clark, her sweet eyes swimming with tears. "How much would it cost for you to go to your brother and return," she asked at last.

"About thirty dollars. I haven't so much money in the world. You see it's nearly four hundred miles off, but I could manage to support myself after I got there."

A thought passed quickly through Mrs. Clark's mind. She stood still a few moments, her blue eyes fixed in deep meditation. At last she said kindly, "Well my child, try and bear up bravely, and we will see what can be done for you," and the warm

cheerful tones comforted the sad heart of the seamstress.

The lady went up stairs and took the pieces out of her ivory portmonnaie. There was a brief sharp struggle in her mind. "Somehow I've set my heart on this velvet cloak," she thought, "and Edward will be disappointed. I was going to select the velvet this very afternoon. But then there's that dying boy lying there with strange faces all about him and longing, as the slow hours go by, for a sight of a sister that loves him, and would not the thought haunt me every time I put on my cloak? After all, my old broadcloth is not so bad, if it's only turned. And I'm sure I can bring Edward over to my way of thinking. No, you must go without a cloak this time, and have the pleasure of knowing you've smoothed the path going down to the valley of the shadow of death, Mary Clark." And she closed the portmonnaie resolutely, and went down stairs.

"Janet, put up your work this moment; there is no time to be lost. Here is the money; take it, and go to your brother."

The girl lifted up her eyes a moment, almost in bewilderment, to the lady, and then as she comprehended the truth, a cry of such joy broke from her lips that its memory never faded from the heart through all the after-years of Mrs. Clark's life.

* * * * *

"George! George!" These words leaped from her lips as the sister sprang forward to the low bed where

the youth lay, his white, sharpened face gleaming death-like from amid his thick hair.

He opened his large eyes suddenly; a flush passed over his pallid face. He stretched out his thin arms: "O Janet! I have prayed God for the sight of you once more before I die."

"His pulse is stronger than it has been for two weeks, and his face has a better hue," said the doctor, a few hours later, as he made his morning visit through the wards of the hospital.

"His sister came yesterday, and watched with him," answered the attendant, glancing at the young girl, who hung breathless over the sleeping invalid.

"Ah, that explains it. I am not certain but that the young man has recuperative power enough left to recover, if he could have the care and tenderness, for the next two months, which love alone can furnish."

How Janet's heart leaped at the blessed words! That very morning she had an interview with her brother's employers. They had been careless, but not intentionally unkind, and the girl's story enlisted their sympathies.

In a day or two George was removed to a quiet, comfortable private home, and his sister installed herself by his couch, his nurse and comforter.

* * * * *

Three years have passed. The shadows of the night were dropping already around. Mrs. Clark sat in

her chamber, humming a nursery tune, to which the cradle kept a sort of rhythmic movement. Sometimes she would pause suddenly and adjust the snowy blankets around the face of the little slumberer, shining out from brown curls as red apples shine out amid fading leaves in October orchards.

"Sh—sh," said the young mother, as she lifted her finger with a smiling warning as her husband entered.

"There's something for you, Mary. It came by express this afternoon." He said the words in an undertone, placing a small packet in her lap.

The lady opened the packet with eyes filled with wonder, while her husband leaned over her shoulder and watched her movements.

A white box disclosed itself, and removing the cover, Mrs. Clark described a small elegantly chased watch. She lifted it with a cry of delighted surprise, and touching the spring, the case flew back, and on the inside was engraved these words: "*To Mrs. Mary Clark. In token of the life she saved.*"

"O, Edward, it must have come

from George and Janet Hill," exclaimed the lady, and quick tears leaped into her eyes. "You know she's been with him ever since that time, and she wrote me last spring that he had obtained an excellent situation as head clerk in the firm. What an exquisite gift, and how I shall value it. Not simply for itself, either."

"Well Mary, you were in the right then, though I'm sorry to say I was half vexed with you for giving up your velvet cloak, and you've not had one yet."

"No, I've not had one, but I've never regretted it." She said the words with her eyes fastened admiringly on the beautiful gift.

"Nor I, Mary, for I cannot doubt that your sacrifice bought the young man's life."

"O say those words again, Edward. Blessed be God for them!" added the lady, fervently.

The husband drew his arm around the wife, and murmured reverently, "Blessed be God, Mary, who put it into your heart to do this good deed!"

[Original.]

The Aurora of Eternity:

Dread Uncreate! before whose potent voice
Light burst upon the world so gloriously,
What are these beams that bid the heart rejoice
Amid forerunners of eternity?

These spires of light, that to the dying eye
Glow, with a radiance at which sunsets pale,
On scenes untried, and hush th' expiring sigh,
Shedding their radiance far through death's dark vale.

Whence do they speed! from yon far worlds of light,
Yon beaming suns, whose distance scarce knows bound?
Does their "celestial ether" make thus bright
To the soul's eye eternity's profound?

On those bright rays doth come the flash of wings,
And angel fingers harp their music there;
And time, and sense, with earth and earthly things
Fade mid the glow they fling upon the air.

They come from thine own hand, Father of Lights!
Thou pours't them out on thy child's pathway home,
And Zion bursts in all her splendors bright,
On eyes that seek the "city yet to come."

Hope's rosy beam, the firmament doth fill,
Faith's glowing pillar, shows Heaven's open gates,
And Love's broad halo, spreading wider still
Beckons him on, to where the welcome waits.

Lo! there the Sun of Righteousness doth shine,
Before those healing rays diseases flee;
Nor can one grief its poisonous tendrils twine,
Around the soul from want and sorrow free.

Though clouds and darkness here beset his way,
Though trial's cup here to his lip was prest,
As sets life's sun, bright grows the heavenly day,
The fair Aurora guides him to his rest.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 1859.

A. C. M.

[Original.]

"Gone Before."

Affectionally inscribed to Mrs. Maria Armstrong upon the death of her father,
Charles Ready Sr. who departed this life August 3d. 1859.

The Earth is full of life. Warm sunny skies,
Bend o'er us with their soft and loving smile;
The gentle winds float by, the gorgeous rose
Vaunts still its Summer glory, and the woods,
Are verdant with their depths of leafy shade.

Up from the dell the freshly-springing brook
Leaps joyfully from hidden rock to rock,
To swell, to fall in music, and then pass
Low prattling on its way. Far looming up
To southward lie the mountains, robed in mist,
And dazzling, like the crystal citadels
That rose upon the adamantine walls
Of Paradise; the river at their feet
Pours down its offering of molten gold,
Then onward steals away with muffled tread,
To bless the little valley quietly,
Like the good Christian who has "paid his vows,"
And "goes his way rejoicing." On the air
The downy thistle feather flies aloft
To meet the bright leaves softly falling down
From out the forest boughs, as infant's prayers
Go up, and meet the blessings showering
From guardian angel's wings. Along the stream
The great oak hangs his robes of burnished green.
The forest flowers that nestle at his feet,
Hold up their seedy capsules, ripe and brown,
And in the long dry grass the cricket sings,
Its farewell to Summer. All around
The heart beats of a strong vitality
Are bounding, and we hear the mighty pulse
Of Nature's giant heart, on, ever on,
And the great tide of human life sweeps by,
As stars glide on adown the stream of Night,
On, on, into Eternity. And yet
The *dead* are with us: in our "heart of hearts"
They sleep enshrouded, ne'er to wake again.
Why do we say the dead? *They* are not dead,
Our loved and cherished ones,—they could not die,
No—no—*they* are not dead "but gone before."

I see, dear friend, thy happy childhood's home,—
The dawn of morning lies along the hills,
The early sunshine rests upon its flowers,
And birds are waking there. A little stream
Goes singing by the door, and woodbines climb
Just where you used to train them, in the dear
Old days of yore. The tall trees nod and wave,
As though to say "good-morrow," yet o'er all
There hangs a stillness as of Sabbath hours,
Where men go up to pray. A lonely change

Has passed o'er hearth and hall, a beacon-star,
Which cheered the morning of thy youthful days,
Has vanished from the sky:—the warm and bright
Love-lighted eyes of home are darkened now;
And there are wounded hearts that still bleed on,
And strive to say in faith, “God’s will be done.”
And those are there who gazing only see
In memory thy father’s honored chair
Drawn to a favorite casement,—and there
Shines the pale brow; and locks of silvery white;
His book is there—the Bible with its page
Turned down, as when he read on earth the last
Of that bright home to which his aged feet
Were swiftly tending,—there too stands the tree
Beneath whose kindly shade he sat alone,
At eventide, and marked the sun go down
In glory, emblem of his well-spent life,
And peaceful, glad departing.

We may weep

When the young babe—a bud of promise fades,
And droops into the dust,—or we may mourn
O’er the fond mother taken from her charge,—
Or the strong man in plenitude of power
Cut down like a Spring blossom. But mourn not
For him, the noble excellent, and true,
Who like the sheaves of harvest, fully ripe,
Is gathered to the garner of the Lord.
His soul has “gone before” and met with hers
The gentle partner of his youthful prime,
And sterner manhood,—she who blessed and crowned,
With sweet maternity went calmly down
Through the “dark valley” to the “golden Gate.”
He longed to die, where she had gently passed,
To see afar the shining portal she
Had left ajar, and follow in her steps
To Paradise.
Dear friend, thy father, and thy mother, both
Are “gone before.” “They shall not come again,”
But you shall “go to them.” Here may you live
To see their virtues in your children shine,
Brightly reflected on your life’s decline,
Then passing through that bright celestial door,
Join the blest spirits who have “gone before.”

L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

[Original.]

Dreams.

BY JENNY WOODBINE.

Our waking dreams are fatal!—how I dreamt
Of things impossible! (could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!

YOUNG.

I walk with sweet friends in the sunset glow,
I listen to music of long ago;
But one thought like an omen breathes faint
through the day—
“It is but a dream; it will melt away.”

HEMANS.

It is very bitter to tear ourself
away from sweet dream-life; and descend
to cold, stern reality! To see
those gorgeous pictures of love and
joy changed into blackness by the
disenchanted rod of truth! Yet it
is the fate of all who dream—all who
turn aside from the real, and allow
themselves to float in a cloud land
filled with confused images—all who
call up creatures of the brain, endow
them with life, and being, and make
of them daily companions.

Dream-life! Dream-life! who has
not sailed on thy placid lakes—soar-
ed through thy boundless skies, list-
ening to music sweeter than e'er was
framed by mortal life? What soul
has not at some time become the
fleshly links which bound it to earth;
severed the ligaments which tied it
to coarse, unpleasant things, and
leaving these behind, with a sense of
joy at momentary release, floated out
into mystic dream-life—blessed—
happy!

We all have dreams—they form
the one link which binds man to his
fellow man in brotherly friendship.
For however men may differ in other

respects—however different may be
their vocations; however widely part-
ed the goals to which they travel—
yet all dream of the impossible—
sigh for the unattainable.

These dreams never entirely for-
sake us—we may have proved their
vanity a thousand times—watched
their beautiful tints fade before the
cold, frosty light of reality; and yet
as soon as the one grows discolored,
and the bright fabric is worn thread-
bare, straightway the busy brain
seizes the shuttle of fancy and begins
to weave another of materials as
slender, as fragile.

Youth, hopeful youth! dreams of
the future. He sees the mountain of
Fame afar off; and is seized with the
desire to climb to its summit. He
rests his limbs in the valley beneath;
and forgetting that victory only fol-
lows toil, fixes his eyes upon the
distant goal, and dreams of a time
when he shall ascend its steep heights
and receive from the goddess who
guards the treasury, that wreath she
has woven for the brows of the de-
serving. He hears the trumpet burst
which heralds his success—he sees
the downcast eyes of those who envy
his triumph—meets the applauding
smile of some one who glories in
his every honorable achievement—
and hears the applause of an admir-
ing world. But while his eyes are
closed in this enchanted sleep, and
the “dear prized picture of his future
glory” floats before his vivid fancy;
some energetic spirit has hastened
on before him, and borne away the
prize. The dreamer awakes! where
are the bright prospects which pro-
mised a future worthy to be won?

Gone! all gone! His hours have been wasted in dreaming—age has blighted his vigor; indolence, creeping slowly but surely upon him, has woven a net which holds youthful enthusiasm in its folds; and he discovers when too late, that *action*—not dreams—is the secret of success in the vast work-shop of the world.

The maiden just budding into womanhood, falls into a dreamy reverie—there is something in her soul, “a still small voice” she cannot silence; which prompts her to labor for the good of others. She scorns the frivolous existence led by numbers of her sex—she feels that she was created for a nobler destiny than to be the plaything of man. The doll who amuses him in those weary hours when he is released from the cares of business. She wonders which of the many life-paths God destined she should walk. She longs to leave—not her praises in the mouths of the many—but her name in sorrowing hearts her word of comfort has gladdened. She sees herself a ministering angel in the hovels of the poor; she passes like sunshine through those darkened dwellings making them bright again—she aids the needy—encourages the despondent—recalls the erring—lightens the burden of the earth-weary traveler—she feels that the ‘chord of self’

“Has trembling passed in music out of sight,” and that to live for others, is her life aim. But alas! this is only in *her dreams*. Her hands are idly folded, while these visions flit before her; she is only a drone in the hive. And when she recalls herself from the idle

realms where she has wandered too long, she finds that *the future* has become *the past*; that she who hoped to accomplish much has literally *done* nothing. Behind her lie neglected opportunities, before her vain regrets; and she drags out the rest of her joyless existence, embittered by the thought “it might have been;” while the recording angel with a sigh, places down in his book, the records of a *wasted life*.

Are not such dreams *fatal*? They destroy the mainspring of action—sap the energies of life, and when we shake off the fetter which has confined us so long, we too often find that the desire *to do* has passed away.

There are other dreams—dreams which bring blessings with them. The heart that has loved, and lost loves to dwell upon the virtues of the one from whom fate willed it should walk apart—delights to recall:

“Some voice whose music it has loved too well,”

to linger on some evening ramble in the ‘long ago’ when the loved lips murmured words, whose gentle echoes borne back on the sweet breeze of memory, shall reverberate in the heart, until that strange, mysterious machinery has ceased its workings. The struggling poet-soul, delicate in its organization, and too highly strung for lasting happiness, loves at the hush of twilight to steal away from the coarse ungenial natures by whom it is surrounded—natures to whom its wisdom seems folly; and summon to its side in dream-land that twin soul attuned in music to its own. The bitter

hour in which they cast a long, lingering look at each other—and parted! is forgotten. The music is restored to the broken chime; and the weary soul is happy once more!

Can you blame her—the woman who treads her life-path unshrinkingly—who if she feels this narrow sphere is not her own, still toils on bravely, because she believes it to be her duty—who puts

“Her unwed heart alone and desolate away,” because she would not be an obstacle in another’s road to advancement—who thinks not of her self-sacrifice, but works on humbly, feeling that somewhere, patience has its reward? Can you blame her, if in some quiet hour, she steals out underneath the stars, where the harsh voices of those beings of coarser clay, who are her life companions, cannot reach her, to muse on the past; to sigh, but only for a moment, for what might have been? She has been from every love-tie riven—fate and death have taken from her those who could have made existence “a thing of joy”—very dark to her has been the life pilgrimage, brightened only by the occasional rays of sunshine, which falls on her own heart when she made some other heart happy. But, she too, has her moments of enjoyment; and of these the world cannot deprive her; for they are in herself. She recalls the sweet dreaming hours when life was new and hope was bright; when the actual presence, not the shadow of that other self was with her; when her hand was clasped in one as warm, and she could hear the quick beating of a heart, as true as

her own. When their voices joined together, and, here a thrill of pain passes through that human breast, for she remembers a parting which was not for years, but forever! Nay, a sweet dream raises its lovely form from the ashes of desolation, and whispers “not forever.” That dream tells her of a heaven, where joys are perpetual, pleasures stable, sunshine eternal!

’Tis sweet, now and then, in this world of hollowness to pause by the wayside and dream of friendship pure and unchanging—love true and disinterested; to picture scenes of domestic happiness, as bright as those which made the lost Eden lovelier.

How the longing soul swells within us, as we dwell among their bright creations; as we portray a life made beautiful by the love which dies not. But are not such dreaming vain? Listen to the sweet poet who sing:

“Oh! ask thou—hope thou not too much
From sympathy below:
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountain flow.
Few, and by still conflicting powers,
Forbidden here to meet;
Such ties would make the world of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.

But for those bonds, all perfect made,
Wherein bright spirits blend;
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade
With the same breeze that bent.
For that full bliss of souls allied,
Never to mortals given;
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,
Or lift them up to Heaven.”

Yes, when thy work is ended, and evening bids thee rest, dream not of the fading vanities of earth; dream not of happiness in this world, the one thing impossible; but dream of Heaven—thy spirit home, where love is perfect, and sorrow is known no more!

AUGUSTA, GA.

[Original.]

Hope.

Once, Hope within a human heart,
Paused for awhile to linger,
She swept those trembling hidden chords
With light, and airy finger.
And as the gentle music rose,
Like faint far sounds from heaven,
Hope smiled a moment to admire
The songs herself had given.
But Envy o'er that human heart
Some grains of distrust scattered,
And harmony forgot to flow—
Its notes were shattered!

Hope made a garden of that heart,
And planted sweetest flowers;
These watered by the dews of love
Bloomed for a few short hours.
Hope called these plants by tender names,
And epithets endearing,
And watched them into beauty burst,
Undoubting, and unfearing;
Alas! for hope—black envy came,
Her brow with hatred shaded;
She breathed one foul envenomed breath—
The flowers lay faded.

Hope gathered up her withered wreaths,
Her soul with sorrow swelling;
For oh! her foe Despair had vowed
To make that his dwelling.
With trembling hand she strove to wake
A song—her lute was broken!
Its music thus was early hushed,
Its sweetest words unspoken:
Hope looked around with saddened face,
Like traveller benighted;
Then sighing, left that human heart,
And left it blighted.

She sought a home in a fairer clime,
 Where discord ne'er can reach her;
 But in her flight still proved herself
 A sweet and heavenly teacher.
 Despair no more can break her lute,
 Nor envy blight her flowers,
 Her song hath caught a loftier tone
 Amid those eden bowers.
 There look—look up! poor human heart!
 From every love-tie riven!
 Arouse thee from despair—and fly
 With Hope to Heaven!

AUGUSTA, GA.

[Original.]

An Allegory:

Affectionately inscribed to MISS OETIE
COURTNEY.

"The woodbine is dying, I see plainly, and mournful as is the task, I must remove it, to make place for another."

I well knew the voice which murmured this, and sorrow for my own loss passed away as I turned to view the pale face of the speaker. But let me go back to the first hours of my remembrance, when I was a tiny plant, just enfolding my tender leaflets to the sun's genial ray. In a magnificent garden I grew, among plants of almost every variety.

One day a gentleman and lady entered the garden with the proprietor. He seemed neither handsome or fascinating, but there was a kindness in

in his countenance, such a tenderness in his voice when he addressed the youthful being at his side, that one could not help admiring one who seemed possessed of such goodness of heart. It was not long until I attracted the gaze of the young wife, (as I soon learned she was,) and in a few hours I was transplanted by the side of a small dwelling, in an unfrequented part of the town. For a while my senses were so scattered that I could not imagine myself as anything but disgraced and fallen from all my former estate.

Night hushed my murmurings, but when the morning dawned I was surprised to discover so many beauties in my new home. It was a neat dwelling, lately built; the small front yard contained a few fine rose-bushes; while upon the opposite side of the porch, near which I was placed, an eglantine spread its ten-

drills. I had scarcely made the survey, when the front door opened, and my fair mistress with her husband stepped upon the porch, with a light step she went from one plant to another, as if to notice whether the tender leaves had regained their freshness during the night. Meanwhile the husband watched the flitting of her form with loving eyes; and as she again stood by his side, he leaned to murmur words whose import I could only guess by the still softer light which stole over her face, and the glance which she returned.

Day after day, year after year passed by; and how changed became the homestead. With every summer time it grew more lovely, the yard was like green velvet, with here and there rich clumps of roses and honeysuckle, or a tiny flower-bed with its wealth of violets, lillies and hilotropes; and the porch—it was “a luxury to rest beneath it” as a wayworn traveler said one day, when he called for a drink of water. From the tender leaves which could not peep above the steps, I had grown to clasp with my slender arms the branches of the eglantine upon the roof. Left to ourselves I know not into what a shapeless mass we might have grown, but “Aunt Aggie,” (for by that name I heard some bright-eyed children call my mistress,) loved Nature too well for that—every Spring morning, when the weather would permit, you might have seen her attending to her “pets”—the flowers; and *we* were never neglected. Here a tendril had been guided to cling to the lattice; there another had been forced into proper position,

until only grace and beauty could be seen. Aunt Aggie had a perfect taste; she had a loving heart, and strove to make all around her happy, as every *true woman will*, and loving Nature’s God as she did, how could she help feeling an interest in His works. Nor did she neglect her household, as the eglantine and I well knew, for perfect harmony reigned within. There was ever a cheerful quiet; there were no harsh words, no bickerings, no loud commanding of unruly servants—Aunt Aggie had but to speak, and she was obeyed; emphatically *love* reigned within our household; we knew it from the cheerfulness that ever sat upon the countenances of the inmates, and the praises which visitors murmured as they passed out from the dwelling. “The porch” seemed to be a favorite place with every member of the family,—from thence the husband went out to the performance of his daily duties, with the last words of his wife still thrilling his ear with their melody,—here the children listened to “mother’s good-bye” as they started for school in the morning, and were clasped in her arms when night closed their study hours and returned thence to her gentle ministrings.

And at night, when the weather was warm, it was here that they always gathered to recount the history of the day to interested listeners, every act—with every motive which prompted it. Gleeful stories could we tell of the mirth and song which had echoed here—sad stories of all the tears and anguish we had witnessed—strange stories of all the

words which were uttered when no other ears might hear. We, the eglantine and I, whispered to each other of them when the night-wind was playing among our foliage—all these memories came to me with renewed power.

I remember a gathering of sorrowful faces, a procession of mourners which went out one day, for a lambkin of the flock had sickened and died; "Little Ernest" was carried to his last resting-place. One evening the eldest of the group, a dark-eyed girl of nineteen, sat near me, with the moonlight shimmering through the leaves upon her fair brow and snowy robe; while one whose voice was low and deep, stood by her side and uttered vows which brought the rich blood to her cheek—a few days and they were gone. I heard the "good-byes"—the father's blessing, saw the embraces of brothers and sisters, and the adieu which only a mother can give—it was here that she came to weep when all was again quiet, and she knew the melody of Annie's voice would no more echo in our home. I cannot tell her anguish, nor how I longed to whisper words of consolation; and, as she leaned against the lattice, with my leaves I gently caressed her brow, as if to remind her that there were others to love her yet; and she did remember it, for I heard a prayer for strength, and saw a holy calm upon her gentle features before she entered her room. But *change* is the mandate of Time, and many years have passed since I first knew that as home. "Aunt Aggie" has

grown old, but with gentle hand has Time traced his record on her brow. The "father" wears a deeper impress of thought and labor upon his face; Willie, a proud, strong-hearted man, has gone out into the world to act his part in the life-drama. Frances, tall and queenly, with thoughtfulness upon every feature of her face, is best loved by those who know her best. Kate, there is a witchery in every motion of her *petite* form, and she is as loving and amiable at home as if she were not "seventeen" and a "young lady." Charlie is a blue-eyed boy of fifteen, an image of his mother in face and heart; then there is Frank, the pet of the household—and how tenderly have they all watched over me, and as age has crept on, I have known that they cling to me from the very sweetness of the memories that cluster around my every branch and tendril. But I am dying I know; another spring-time and my place will be filled by another; but the last breeze which flutters among my decaying leaves, shall breathe a melody to the tender memories of the past, and the affection of the loved ones from whom I have shadowed the noonday sunbeams and night winds so long.

ELOISE.

The "little curt'sies" of life's friend assures us, are for the most part to be found among the gentler sex, between the ages of four and six.

[Original.]

Mother's Room.

There is an apartment in the old house which you call "mother's room." It is a quiet place with low windows and plain white curtains, and the carpet on the floor is very worn and dingy, but you don't care for that—that room is the dearest spot in this world to you, and you love to linger there, talking to mother, while she sits in the corner busy over some work for you or for your little brothers and sisters. How tireless she is; how she works all day long, and far into the night, and never complains; you wonder at her sometimes, and think she must get tired, but you dismiss the thought, and say, "O, mother is used to it." And sometimes you speak harshly to her, that poor, toiling mother;—she sighs, but says nothing, and you go your way laughing as merrily as if you had not cast a shadow on her heart. But by and by you go to your "mother's room" and it is darkened. It is in the morning, and you sigh to have the sunshine there again.—"Mother," you ask, as you draw back the curtain, looking searchingly in the languid eye, "mother, are you sick?"—and you hear her faint "yes," and she tells you to close the blind, and you do so, leaving the room darker than ever; but you cannot stay with your gay friends in the parlor. Every few moments finds you running to "mother's room"

to see how she is. She is no better, and the doctor is sent for—a good kind old man that always has something merry to say to you—but he doesn't laugh to-day, and looks very sad when he comes from mother's room, and tells you that everything must be kept quiet. You ask him if she is very sick, but he evades your question, and saying he will be back in a few hours, takes his saddle bags and walks out of the house. You run to "mother's room" and lean over the bed and call her, but she does not know you now. You put your hand on her head—it is very hot, and her pulse is very rapid. She is delirious, and you turn away in horror, and weep, and weep, as if your heart would break. And the night comes, and the doctor and many friends are around the bedside. She talks calmly now, and you begin to hope that she is better; but she calls you to her, and tells you not to grieve, for she will be safe with Jesus forever.

O! the agony of that hour—you long for death, forgetfulness, anything to escape the dark reality that is opening before you. All night long you wait, and watch, and weep in "mother's room." All night long you hear the groans and see the death-struggles of your precious mother; but the doctor will not let you witness the end—he leads you from the room, and just as day dawns some one comes in gently and tells you she is dead.

O, the sufferings of your heart then. If you never spoke or acted unkindly towards that dear, dead mother, the anguish is great; but if

you have been unkind to her, every word, every look, every act, will pierce you to the heart now—you cannot escape the horrible memories, and in anguish of your soul you cry out, "O, for yesterdays to come." But they cannot come—they are gone forever—and your mother is gone, that sweet, kind mother, that shielded you from toil, and care, and sorrow. Gone up to dwell in a higher home, while you sit weeping alone in your mother's room.

MATILDA.

(Original.)

A Little Lesson from a Little Teacher.

BY J. N. PAGE.

How oft along the journey of life sad moments will come over our spirits, and, forgetting the mercies and blessings so constantly bestowed upon us by our Heavenly Father, we undervalue our possessions and are ready to weep and mourn, and complain when our hearts should overflow with grateful joy.

Children, too, and perhaps infants, share these desolate emotions. At least, so it seemed to be with little George Ray.

His father and mother were dead and he lived with his grandmother, who loved him very much, gave him nice warm clothes, plenty of wholesome food, and besides teaching him many useful lessons, would

play with him till his heart was very merry.

One day a studious lady, who lived across the street, being weary of her books, threw them down, saying, "I believe I will go over and play with little George—perhaps he can teach me something.

And on she went, and found George sitting on a stool, by the door looking sad, lonely, desolate, ready to cry; "George," said she playfully, "how many fingers have you?"

His lips quivered, he drew a deep sigh, the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he sobbed out, "I han't got—but—a few."

Miss Brown took the little boy up in her arms, and placing him by her side on a seat beneath the vine covered piazza, said:

"Let us see how many fingers you have. Count with me, George"—and they began; one, two, three, four, and a thumb, on each hand.

"Why, George, that is enough. Even the President of the United States has no more.

"Let us count again your fingers and mine." And while they counted, behold, the little boy's grief was all gone, and he ran in great glee to fulfill the lady's request, by telling grandma that God loved him very much, and had given him eight fingers and two thumbs.

Miss Brown went home, saying, "when sorrow points my weeping eyes to trials, wants and woes; I'll count my mercies, till their countless sum shall fill my soul with wonder, love and praise.

The New Aunt Hannah.

BY J. D. C.

Sad was the day of Aunt Hannah Blake's funeral. The face of the sun was veiled, and the clouds, as if in pity, dropped tears into the open grave, in the village churchyard. Everybody went for a last look, and so great was the crowd that only the women attempted to enter the cottage. A dense throng of men and boys filled the front yard, each leaning eagerly towards door and window, to catch if might be, the voice of the pastor. He, for the sake of being heard both within and without, stood—his Bible and hymn-book before him on a light-stand—upon the porch, covered with a white napkin. His soul was bowed in anguish, for his own, and Zion's loss, as well as in pity for the bowed old man who sat at the coffin's head, with his cheek resting on the top of his pilgrim staff. Poor Uncle David! His grief was too deep for utterance; no groan escaped his lips, no tears fell upon the pale face over which he ever and anon leaned; his countenance being the same hue.

The minister drew a vivid picture of the happy life led by these twain, who had long been one flesh and one heart; contrasting that long sunshine with the gloom and desolation of him who mourned in bitterness, al-

though not in a spirit of rebellion. "And now," he said, "our brother, our father calls out to us, saying, 'Pity me, O my friends, for the hand our Lord hath touched me.' He has our pity and our prayers; but these cannot restore the lost, cannot recall her dear form from its narrow house, nor put new life into her eye, and vigor into her limbs. 'Our friend sleepeth,' and no words of ours can call her back from the vision of ineffable glory on which she gazes now, while we are weeping in sorrow over her dust. He, the stricken-in-spirit, must go down alone in his wearisome pilgrimage through the valley of old age to the grave. Oh, that word *alone*! Till his dying day will our brother feel its meaning, as he never felt it before."

When all was over, and the flow of life moved on as if no great shadow had fallen there, Uncle David sat in his porch—an empty chair beside him—with his head bowed like a bullrush. Pitying neighbors offered to send their boys to keep him company, and themselves took care that one or more should join him in his evening prayers. The old man grew thin and pale, and the impression was that he was mourning himself to death. So the loving women urged him to go from home, hoping that change of air and scene might add the grace of cheerfulness to those of patience and submission.

"Leave your orchard in my hands," said the careful Giles Jones, "and

feel easy; I'll put my watch-dog on the place."

"A watch-dog! For what?" asked the old man.

"Why, to keep the boys from stealing your fruit."

"The boys can't steal from me; they are always welcome to all they need. I told them so long ago, and yet I never saw a boy climb a tree in the orchard. If there are no apples or pears on the ground, they wait till there are. There is a league between the boys and me—I will leave all in their care!"

How beautiful the sympathy which sometimes exists between the old and the young. Little wonder was it that Uncle David's cow could never stay far, for some proud little urchin would drive her home—that poultry, fruit and flowers were always safe in his premises, whatever petty thefts were committed elsewhere.

Uncle David, after much urging, went at length to visit some relatives in "York State;" and when he returned, all complimented him on the magical change which had been wrought upon him. It was evident not only in cheek and eye, but in his very movements about, and in the streets. For years he had suffered the moss to grow upon his roof, and the swallows to build, unmolested in the north chimney and under the eaves, saying, "This old shell of a house will last as long as we do, and no one will need it then—the site will be bought for a fine mansion. It is being taken down, pin by pin, like the earthly house of my own tabernacle. Let it go as time takes

it; I have another home, 'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'" But now he had changed his mind; and he went to work, vigorously interfering with the moss-weaving fingers of Old Time. The dear pilgrim seemed as if, like Hezekiah, he had received a new lease of life. He flew around with hammer and saw, putting in a nail here and a screw there; severing from every discouraging and ancient-looking tree its dead limbs, and making them say loudly as words could have done, "We, like our owner, are good for long years to come!" He mounted a ladder and tore the old shingles from the roof, saying, "My house leaks, and I may as well live comfortably while I do live." He made a new front gate, putting iron hinges in place of the leather ones; and above all, he gave the old cot-tage what it never had before—a coat of white paint!

This he did "to amuse himself." He also fell back into his old habit of social visiting. Three successive days he sat an hour in the nursery of the parsonage, evidently burdened with some great secret he lacked the power to reveal. When, however, Saturday afternoon came, the children gathered as usual around; and through them he let their parents know his future plans.

"Do you remember Aunt Hannah?" he asked the little ones. The shadow of the grave seemed to fall upon them, checking their glad mirth, as they whispered, "Yes," and looked away in the direction of her resting-place.

"And did you love her?"

"Oh yes, Uncle David, everybody loved her."

"And should you be glad to see an Aunt Hannah here again, so that I need not be alone the long dreary winter, with no one to care for me when I am sick?"

"Oh, yes; but that can never be," they said. "She has gone to heaven, and would not come back again. We shall never, never see her again—dear good Aunt Hannah!"

"Well, children," said Uncle David, "neither you nor I can live without an Aunt Hannah to be kind to us. I am going away, and when I come back, some one whom you will all love will come with me."

The swift-footed little messengers lost no time in telling the news, with many variations and improvements; all, however, insisting on it that Aunt Hannah was going to arise from the grave to take care of Uncle David, and to give them fruit and nice things from the now empty pantry; that he was going to heaven to bring her home, and they were all to go there next Saturday to see her!"

The stories agreed so well, and Uncle David had appeared so unlike himself, that his friends began to suspect that his bereavement had shattered his reason. They remembered how strangely he had talked in meeting, since his return, of Daniel's visions, attempting to explain what the minister himself did not understand. He was watched narrowly on Sunday, but seemed harmless; on Monday, Giles Hoby and Martin

Gray went, a self-appointed committee, to ask what he meant by his statements to the children. But he was gone, and the cottage, smiling from beneath its new shingles, was locked up and silent!

Having made a second trip to "York State," he returned, bringing a lady with him. Not as he brought Aunt Hannah of yore, on a pillion, behind his saddle, but driving up from the depot in the crowded omnibus. All sorts of conjectures were afloat as to her relationship, whether sister, cousin, or wife; the bold ones who hinted the latter, being rebuked for their censoriousness in hinting that one so near heaven could again fasten himself to earth, and that so soon after being drawn upward by such a golden link.

It seemed like prying into Uncle David's affairs for the good neighbors to go unbidden to the cottage, and thus several days passed away. Even Saturday could not solve the mystery, for the little ones, having a vague apprehension of evil, dared not accept the old man's invitation, longing, as they passed, to see Aunt Hannah, and yet dreading lest she might spirit them away. A few of the bravest ventured to peep in at the kitchen window, where they "saw Uncle David and a lady, not half so sweet or good as Aunt Hannah, studying geography, or something, from great maps." At last the good man had to decoy his little friends in by throwing pears about under the trees, from which he had just plucked them. Once within the yard, he presented them to his wife, saying to

them, "Here is another Aunt Hannah God has sent you, in place of the one he took away. She is just as good and kind, and your mothers must all come and see her."

It is strange how unwilling we are to have the places made void by death filled again, and how often we censure unjustly those who take the places left vacant by the beloved dead. The mothers in this little community could not forgive the new comer for her presumption in attempting to take up the work their beloved old friend had left, their little ones looked coolly on her, because, being Aunt Hannah, she was not the very one who went to heaven. So she met with a very cool reception, which was improved by the astounding news that she was a Millerite and a Methodist, and that Uncle David, always as stable as the granite quarry behind his cottage, was already tainted with her heresies. Now the most extravagant and ludicrous stories flew around respecting her religious sentiments. It was stated that she had allured Uncle David by her pretended piety; that, having made up clothes and house-linen enough to last them half a century, she then made long robes, such as the angels wear, for herself and him; and that, declaring the end was at hand, she had already begun to kindle her oven with the rails from the fences, and was advising Uncle David to cut down all his fruit-trees for their winter's firewood. She was also said to be ill-natured and selfish; but as no one had spoken with her it is hard to tell how they found out her failings. She was contrasted most

cruelly with her predecessor at the cottage. "She gave nothing to the poor, watched beside no sick bed, visited none of her neighbors; she was proud and cold, and poor Uncle David would yet rue the day he went to York State, where he found her." All these charges were made by well-meaning, but thoughtless people, against an innocent woman, to whom they had given no opportunity to show her love and compassion, and tenderness.

O for the rarity
Of Christian charity,
Under the sun!

The real crime of the new Aunt Hannah was that she had taken the place of the old, and the fact that she, a Methodist and a looker for the speedy coming of the Lord she loved, had led Uncle David, always staunchly orthodox, to examine charts illustrative of the image in Daniel's vision. All this was more than they could overlook. Now, the truth was, that with all the gentleness and real worth of her they mourned, the new Aunt Hannah possessed strength and wisdom of which the departed had never dreamed; and that the humble, but now sainted one would had she known her sister, have sat meekly down at her feet as a learner. Weeks wore on—lonely ones to the stranger, for none had come to welcome her to their homes or to the church—none asked her to make one of their little circle for prayer. Why not? Because, forsooth, she was a Methodist and a Millerite! As if a Methodist could not be a Christian—as if belief in the speedy coming of Christ were a crime. The

sweet, genial spirit of Aunt Hannah was deeply wounded, and Uncle David, whom she made very happy, was wounded for her sake. He declared that "you might as well live among Baptists who hold to close communion, as among such bigots as these.

Thus, by blind prejudice and narrow bigotry, was a bushel put by force over the light which this lovely Christian woman would, under other circumstances, have shed around her; thus were these women self-robbed of the instruction and increased refinement they might have gained by a close intimacy with her; thus did they lose her holy influence over their own hearts, and her cheering presence by their children's sick beds, and sweet words of comfort in their own hours of anguish and bereavement. There are professors of religion who, if thus spurned by those bearing the name of Jesus, would turn to the world for society. Not thus this second Aunt Hannah; it was her "meat and drink" to do her Father's will; and now that she found it out of her power to be useful in her new home, she entreated Uncle David to take her back to her own kindred and brethren. He sold the old place, and gathered together his little property, preparatory to a final departure. Then his old friends began to gather around, and urged him not to go. It was, he said, too late now; he went for a last look at the grave of the wife of his youth. He felt, as he stood above her dust, that he had not "wronged the memory of a sainted woman" by taking in her place another of the shining band to

which she had once belonged, down in earth's valley. Among strangers the dear old man found kindred and sympathy; and from the new home he went up, ere long, to meet the lost in the sweet land of heaven, blessed and cheered through the dark valley by her whom the censorious and suspicious had spurned from their heart.

Uncle David's neighbors pursued a policy not unusual among more enlightened Christians in matter of deeper importance. How often do we see good people, when the pastor of their first love is, in God's providence, removed from them, refuse to receive the one whom He in mercy sends to fill his place. They turn a cold eye upon him, leave him to work alone, unsupported by their sympathy or their prayers; and then, seeing how little he accomplishes, they cry out, "Ah, it was not so in the days of our former minister. He visited, wept, and prayed; he folded our little ones in his arms, entered into all their simple joys, and sympathized in all their griefs. His presence cheered the sick room, and brought the light of heaven to shine around the coffin. But the new minister—ah, he lives to himself, not for us and our children." Thus deprived of the power to bless his heart sinks within him, and he turns away to seek another field. Who shall tell the blessings of which God's people often rob themselves, by refusing those whom He sends them?

False prophets care only to please.
—Bishop Hall.

The Ex-King Jerome Bonaparte.

It has seldom fallen to the lot of man to see such amazing vicissitudes of fortune, affecting himself and family, as has been witnessed by the personage whose name heads this article. He is the only surviving brother of the illustrious NAPOLEON, and was born in 1784. So long has the latter been a historical character, that at first it appears almost impossible that the conqueror, who, after running the most remarkable career of twenty years that the world ever saw, terminated it by his death, nearly forty years ago, upon the rock of St. Helena, should have a brother now occupying a high position in the French government.

Of all his family, he alone is permitted to witness both their remarkable rise in prosperity and fortune, and their subsequent tremendous downfall, and their equally wonderful return to the height of power and influence. His recollection goes back to the time when the family of BONAPARTE was not known beyond the range of a few friends and acquaintances, and when its members, in private life, were compelled to struggle in obscurity with penury and misfortune. He can recollect his mother a widow with a large family of children upon her hands, and when it required a stern conflict to obtain for them the necessary means of subsistence. He was in early manhood when the genius of

his brother first burst upon the world, and opened to his relatives visions of power and splendor that never, even in the wildest flights of imagination, had they previously entertained. He saw his brothers and sisters placed, by the magic wand of NAPOLEON, upon nearly all the thrones of Europe, and decked with diadems and coronets.

For the first time in the history of Europe was the extraordinary spectacle observed of a family of private citizens parceling out thrones and crowns among themselves, as if they had been the merest baubles. JEROME was thirty-one years old when the dark cloud of misfortune and disaster gathered black and heavy over the fortunes of his family, and when the storm came that swept them from their height of grandeur and glory into the depth of humiliation and debasement. He saw the star of the BONAPARTE destiny, so often apostrophized by NAPOLEON, sink beneath the clouds, apparently never to rise again. For nearly forty years, the blackness of night enveloped it. Not one of the original family saw this long night to a close, save JEROME; as, before it again emerged from the political horizon, they were all deceased. JEROME has had the remarkable felicity to see the fortunes of his family re-established under a new Napoleonic dynasty.

One of chiefs of the old Empire he holds a similar position in the new. He directs the Councils of the Regent Empress EUGENIE, as he had previously done those of MARIA LOU-

ISA. What retrospective glances he must take at the past! What remarkable reflections are those in which his memory is prone to indulge when it wanders back to the early days of his manhood! A great historical monument of the past is this old King JEROME, who personally has witnessed the most remarkable family history that the world has ever seen. It is not yet finished. He has not yet attained the most extreme old age, and it is possible that he may yet see events affecting his family quite as startling and remarkable as those which have hitherto characterized its career.

calling and his opportunities for observation, women who will estimate the grave and sweet realities of wife and motherhood beyond any accident of precedence or superfluity. By dismissing false and foolish notions of respectability, by refusing the cheap fascinations of a paltry education of display, by discountenancing restraints misdirected or too rigorous, by cultivating an intelligent and unassuming mode of intercourse, by a careful foresight in assisting young people to prepare themselves for the exertion and cost of the day, being the center of a peaceful, hospitable home—in these and other ways much may be done to remove obstructions to that gradual acquaintance, and that unaffected respect and attachment, which lead on to a happy marriage.

Right training of Women.

Much remains to be done in winnowing out of people's minds ridiculous ideas of a certain purely factitious style of living, without which it is impossible to keep house. There are plenty of young men who have yet to unlearn the topiery of expenses disproportioned to their means, and the sordidness of luxuries which feed, not self-respect, but gluttony and pride. The possibility must be secured to daughters and younger sisters growing up, to be rational, appreciative companions; girls who, if they ever marry, will choose and value their husband for what he is and be interested in

In the meantime it may be well to think with not only the sympathy, but the veneration they deserve, of many among those who will never marry; to assist in multiplying the too few occupations suitable to women, or open to them; above all, not to preach by implication or otherwise that a woman's life need ever be dwarfed to a negation, or consumed miserably away by causes out of her control. There are women strong enough to keep their womanly dignity and sweetness, and to organize around them the moral elements, at all events, of an independent existence. They whose steps are feeble need the more to be helped, rather than hindered, in the struggle with their fainter and more yielding self. If they fail here, is it at all certain

have been more auspicious? Alas! how many a faltering will has bent and "given in" beneath sanguine, unfulfilled resolutions, to reclaim and humanize the husband, who has pulled the wife down instead to his own mean and wretched level! Marriage is not a lottery; but it is mere willful blindness to forget that in all its higher aspects it may be woefully inverted or appallingly debased. Not all the grand provision of tender ties and gracious instincts, which surround one of the greatest of divine ordinances, will make people pure and happy who insist on being peevish or frivolous, or worldly, sensual, and develish.

Wedded life is a great and holy mystery, and a source of power for good, often beyond estimation; but unless there be at least one soul filled with unselfish love, and strong in an unflagging faith, the formal union of two persons is no guaranty whatever for a will ennobled, or affections enlarged and cleansed. And the faith which so works by love can make a sunshine in a shady place, without an infant's or a husband's eye to look into. The harmonies of a developed and transfigured womanhood have been set many a time to other music than that of wedding bells. She who is never enthroned, under any roof, in a mother's holy sovereignty, may earn the right in many a house of compelling every soul to love her. She will create or find an atmosphere in which to keep, unwithered and in full pulsation, "the heart, out of which are the issues of life." Her hands will redeem the time, and her brain not be idle.

Living singly, yet not solitary, when she dies it will not be till, "smote" by many a touch of gratitude, and cheerful, reverential sympathy "the chord of self has, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

Come Down To Your Circumstances.

And, when you have succeeded in effecting the difficult, but in no wise dangerous descent, *remain there*. The cool air of the place will not hurt you. On the contrary it will do you good a world of good. The fever and heart burn which effected you, you will feel no more when once you have actually "come down to your circumstances."

"But what's a man to do that has but three or four dollars a week to live on?" sounds out in a dissatisfied answer to your injunction. You *must* live inside of your four dollars, if that is all you have. If you don't do it, the debts that will accumulate will kill the courage all out of you. If you do it, the very minute that you can manage to obtain the higher pay you will begin to enjoy the feeling which plenty begets. Nobody knows how good six dollars a week seems, so well as he who has for a long time contrived to live on four or even less.

The chief affliction and misery of poverty is, *the tormenting desire to have more than you can get, and the shame there is in owning that you must deny yourself many things that all about you possess.* To those who care chiefly for externals this is a very great trouble; but do not let your life consist in the abundance of the things that you possess, nor your destruction be the lack of the goods of this world. Work faithfully and patiently; get ahead as fast as you can, and as you go be careful to keep down to your means; and, soon or late, honor and happiness will certainly be yours.

Right And Wrong.

"Do you think that it is *right*, my child?"

I was struck by the impressive tone in which Mrs. Dayton uttered these words, and looking up, I saw her seriously awaiting their effect. The child was a sprightly black-eyed darling, of scarce four summers, and the question involuntary crossed my mind, "How far can such a child be expected to judge of right and wrong?"

"Does Emma think she is doing *right*?" repeated the mother.

Emma's laughing mouth and dimpled cheek grew serious, as her eyes fell beneath the mother's gaze, and she bent them upon the forbidden

book of costly prints that she had been turning over. The volume was not injured. The mother pointed out no torn leaves, nor soiled pages; but simply, "was her darling doing *right* in taking the book, when mamma had forbidden it?"

The little lip quivered, the large eyes filled with tears, and with some effort the child replied, "No, mamma." Then raising the volume from the carpet, where she had been bending over it, she replaced it upon the table, and turning back, she hid her face in the folds of her mother's dress, and burst into tears. The triumph was complete, and it was the triumph of principle. I was astonished.

When a suitable opportunity occurred, in the absence of the child, I could not forbear asking the mother how so nice a perception of right and wrong had been inculcated.

Mrs. Dayton hesitated a moment, and then replied, "Do not say inculcated, but developed, if you please. God has planted in the heart of a child a sense of the difference between right and wrong, though it may be in different degrees. Let this sense of right and wrong be properly appealed to, and the heart of the child responds to it. So far as my observation goes, it is by far the most effectual means that can be used in family government. The fear of punishment, the displeasure of those they love, and the incentive of rewards, are utterly insignificant compared with this. There is a moral power in it that cannot be purchased elsewhere."

A pause ensued, but I waited expectantly, and Mrs. Dayton proceeded.

“And think, my friend, what men and women such an education would make. I feel my own insufficiency, for I had little such training myself; but I have often thought what doubts and fears, and what gross inconsistencies might thus be avoided. Thousands of people who mean well, and christian people too, fall into sad errors, because their moral per-

ceptions have not been quickened to make nice distinctions between right and wrong. What crimes would be saved the world, what shame and reproach would be saved our common Christianity, if children were better educated in this respect.”

Mrs. Dayton ceased speaking, while the triumph of right argument, and the glow of enthusiasm beamed on her countenance.—*American Messenger*.

(Original.)

I Will Meet You.

MATILDA C. SMILEY.

I will meet you, I will love you,
In the far-off Eden land;
I will walk with you forever,
I will hold you by the hand.
I will talk to you, sweet Mary,
I will hear your soft replies,
As we wander by the river
That flows through Paradise.

I know there is around you
A circle of the blest,
But I know when I behold you
I will know you from the rest.
I will know you by your singing
And the love-light in your eyes.
I will know you and I'll love you
When we meet in Paradise.

I will meet you, and I'll love you
 Where love can never end,
 I will meet you where no parting
 Can sever friend from friend.
 I will meet you where our spirits
 Can know no wild despair,
 I have loved you here my Mary
 But I'll love you better there.
Grape Vine, Va.

Night Air.

During the months of September and October, throughout the United States, wherever there are chills, and fever and ague, intermittents, or the more deadly forms of fever, it is a pernicious, and even dangerous practice, to sleep with the outer doors or windows open; because miasma, marsh emanations, the product of decaying vegetation—all of which are different terms, expressing the same thing—is made so light by heat, that ascends at once towards the upper portion of atmospheric space, and is not breathed during the heat of the day, but the cool nights of the Fall of the year condense it, make it heavy, and it settles on the ground, is breathed into the lungs, incorporated into the blood; and if, in its concentrated form, as in certain localities near Rome, it causes sick-

ness and death within a few hours. The plagues which devastated Eastern countries in earlier ages, were caused by the concentrated emanations from marshy localities, or districts of decaying vegetation; and the common observation of the higher class of people was, that those who occupied the upper stories, not even coming down stairs for market supplies, but drew them up by ropes attached to baskets, had entire immunity from disease, for two reasons, the higher the abode the less compact is the deadly atmosphere, besides, the higher rooms of a house in Summer, are the warmer ones, and the miasma less concentrated. The lower rooms are colder, making the air more dense. So by keeping all outer doors and windows closed, especially the lower ones, the building is less cool and comfortable, but it excludes the infectious air, while its warmth sends what enters through

the crevices immediately to the ceiling of the room, where it congregates, and is not breathed; hence it is that men who entered the bar-room and dining saloons of the National Hotel, remaining but a few minutes were attacked with the National Hotel Disease, while ladies who occupied upper rooms, where constant fires were burning, escaped attack, although remaining in the house for weeks at a time.

It was for the same reason that Dr. Rush was accustomed to advise families in in Summer me, not being able to leave the city, to cause their younger children especially, to spend their time above stairs. We have spent a lifetime ourselves in the West and extreme South, and know in our own person, and as to those who had firmness to follow our recommendation, that whole families will escape all the forms of Fall fevers, who will have bright fires kindled at sunrise and sunset in the family room. But it is too plain a prescription to secure observance in more than one family in ten thousand. After the third frost, and until the Fall of the next year, it is an important means of health for persons to sleep with an outer door or window partly open, having the bed in such a position as to be protected from a draught of air. We advise no exercise in the morning on an empty stomach; but if it is stimulated to action by a cup of coffee, or a crust of bread, or apple, or orange, exercise can be taken, not only with impunity, but to high advantage in all chill and fever localities.

True Spirit of Christian Labor.

The affairs of this world do not go on as we would have them. There is so much disorder and violence—so much successful chicanery and ambition—so much hypocrisy, and so little truthfulness—so much selfishness, and so little benevolence—so much pretensions, and so little solid worth—so much puerility and meanness, and so little manliness and nobleness of soul—such an intense pursuit after trides light as air—so little regard for stable and immortal good; the righteous are so much forgotten, and the wicked have so much prosperity—there is so much bigotry, sectarianism, and worldliness in the church and so few instances of sterling goodness, fervent devotion, generous Christian love, and Christlike purity, and energy—the great systems of error and darkness and despotism seem to press forward with so much power, and the cause of light, truth and freedom makes such slow progress—human hearts seem so full of prejudice, and narrow views, seems so governed by proscription, and so little disposed to sober thought and sound reason, and the clear minded, unprejudiced, thoughtful and manly, and upright souls are so few and far between—such masses are still the children of the world, and the true flock of Christ seems still such a little flock—all this presses upon us sometimes with such discouragement, that we are prone to feel that if we had

the management of the world we would soon make an overturn and set all things right. And thus we get up a sort of holy impatience, and a zeal not according to knowledge. We say if something more energetic and effectual is not done, and that speedily, the great gospel cause will soon be triumphed over by its enemies. But we are soon checked in this impatience, and in these evil forebodings, by the thought that God knows perfectly the state of the world—his eye is upon those very things which trouble us, and he in a moment could overturn the whole mass of error if he saw fit to put forth his Omnipotence for that purpose—and why does he not do it? It is not that his nature and purpose have changed. He is ever truth and love, and his reign is the reign of truth and love. We must be assured therefore, that he, from a higher point of view than we can reach, sees the infinite harmony of his great kingdom; and that he maintains his benignant purposes without a jar amid all that appears confusion and darkness to us.

These are two things that we are to guard against. First, by intense looking at the disorders around us, we are not to give way to discouragement and impatience, and then to start forward by a sudden impulse, to make some wonderful revolution. In this way we become fanatics in a good cause. We become displeased with everything around us, and with everybody. We even fret against the government of God, although, perhaps with a not a very distinct consciousness of

it. We thus oppose ourselves not only to great and acknowledged evils but we oppose ourselves also to all good men and all good agencies, because they do not accord with our views of proper zeal and proper measures. We think that we could heal all evils, or some particular one which has peculiarly arrested our attention, if everybody would only adopt our principles, and take up our proposed line of action; and when we cannot bring about this general concurrence, we get ourselves worked up into wrath and bitterness, and waste half our energies in denouncing our brethren. We thus lose the power of appreciating the good which is actually done. We no longer see the progress which is actually made, and measures which do not fall in with our heated judgment and impetuous zeal, we are prone to characterize as mere time-serving and hypocrisy.

But, secondly, by intense looking at God's sovereignty, we may produce within ourselves a complete supineness. We say to ourselves, truth and love reign ever. God's purposes can never fail. He sees the end from the beginning, and moulds all events into his benign scheme of providence. We are sure that he must prevail, and no opposition of his enemies or inactivity on the part of his church, can hinder the glorious consummation which he has ordained.

Thus we may come to look at all the evils of our world with entire indifference, lose the sense of our responsibilities, and take no hand in the works of benevolence around us. Thus we become at the same time

practical fatalists and optimists.— We enjoy delightful serenity amid all the uproar of our world, and experience a grateful exemption from annoying calls of duty. Men do not know themselves, or they consent to deceive themselves in these pleasant meditations upon the Divine sovereignty. They even become very religious in this way, with a peculiar kind of religion. They are full of acquiescence and patience. They are much engaged in sublime contemplations, and experience sometimes rapturous fervors. They make prayers full of thanksgiving, and sing hymns full of triumph. They have what may be called the religious sublime and beautiful. By and by they slide into pantheism and naturalism. The world is full of God, and nothing is so bad as it seems to be, because God is causing all things to work together for good.

Now, the true ground for us to occupy is plain enough, if we will only rightly consider it. God will certainly bring about his purposes of an ultimate and triumphant good, but then he will bring them about by rational and proper agencies; and among all the agencies which he has appointed, there are none so dear to him, and so efficient, as pure, enlightened, devoted human hearts. Such hearts God hath ever found and will find. It is true that if we reason ourselves into a sentimental supineness, we shall not take part in the great work, and God will bring about his benign ends without our instrumentality; but others will be found to do the work which we neglect. God will lose nothing, the great

cause of truth and love will lose nothing, but we shall lose everything. The language of Mordecai to Esther expresses the idea most aptly: "For if thou holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed; and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" It is for us to consider the occasions presented us in God's providence; it is for us to measure the powers wherewith we are endowed; it is for us to hear the call which God gives in the passing events of our day. Who knoweth but we hold our present position for such a time as this? Who knoweth but now a work is opened before us which shall bring deliverance and blessings to men, and crown us with the honor which cometh from God? If we hold our peace at this time, enlargement and deliverance will come from some one more obedient to the Divine appointment. It is our part to estimate the evils which exist, and to set about removing them as God's servants.

On the other hand we are never to yield to discouragement—never to distrust the result. We are to labor on under the conviction that the most zealous labor is ever necessary. And yet we are never to be in haste—we are never to get into a flurry—we are never to lose our sure confidence in ultimate and complete success. We are to move on with the sublime might and composure of those who are fulfilling a great law of providence and grace.

Truth and love reign sure as God reigns. We are to yield ourselves to the inspiration of Truth and Love, and then always doing, always hoping, always rejoicing, to go on our way.

By contemplating the state of the world, we are to learn the form and measure of our duty. By contemplating the Divine Sovereignty, we are to collect resistless strength, an undismayed fortitude, and an energy divine. All the good which is done we are to appreciate and encourage. We are to attempt great things, and yet not despise the day of small things. We are to aim at the most extensive and solid union of all good agencies; and to form no alliance with profane policies, be they ever so plausible, fair-countenanced, and influential.

In our doing we are to imitate God's doing, who always worketh, and that most wisely and efficiently; but who giveth to all his works a full time, carrying his greater works through greater cycles of time, and is ever intent upon ripening and confirming for unchanging perpetuity. Palaces of clouds reflect the gorgeous rainbows, and then fade away. Palaces of marble reflect the pure imprismatic light, and stand from age to age. God piles up the former as passing shows of beauty, and cheerful signals of serene seasons. But he builds up his truth with the latter. Man on the contrary, would forever be arming himself with clouds and rainbows.

We are never nearer God than when we are lowest in our own estimation.

Woman's Rights.

Rosa Bonheur, the greatest female painter that ever handled a brush, was asked:

"Have you given the Woman's Rights question any attention?"

"Woman's rights! — women's nonsense!" she answered. "Women should seek to establish their rights by good and great works, and not by conventions. If I had got up a convention to debate the question of my ability to paint '*Marche aux Chevaux*,' (The Horse Fair,) for which England would pay me forty thousand francs, the decision would have been against me. I felt the power within me to paint. I cultivated it, and have produced works that won the favorable verdict of the great judges. I have no patience with women who ask permission to think!"

Relief of Neuralgia.

As this dreadful disease, says an exchange, is becoming more prevalent than formerly, and as doctors have discovered no method or medicine that will permanently cure it, we simply state that for some time past a member of our family has suffered most intensely from it, and could find no sure relief from any remedy applied, until we saw an article that recommended the application of horseradish to the face for

toothache. As neuralgia and the toothache are both nervous diseases, we thought the remedy for the one would be likely to give relief to the other; so we made the application of horseradish, bruised, applied to the side of the body where the disease was seated. It gave almost instant relief to the severe attack of neuralgia. Since then, we have applied it several times, and with the same gratifying result. The remedy is simple, cheap, and may be within the reach of every one. So says the *Detroit Advertiser*.

[Original.]

The Breath of Slander.

BY WILLIAM R. GULLEY.

A murmur fell upon the air—
 A whisper—faintly—yet so clear,
 That on its wand'ring way it found
 The entrance to an evil ear,—
 That eager caught the idle sound—
 Repeat its meaning o'er and o'er,
 'Till what was once an echoed thought
 Appeared a harmless word *no more*.

And what a single breath contained,
 Increasing to a thousand fold,
 Became the food of idle tongues,
 And like some wondrous story told.
 From ear to ear, from lip to lip,
 It gathered strength upon the way,
 Till on some unsuspecting heart,
 A crushing weight of sorrow lay.

Alas! that in the walk through life
 The viper-tongued should pierce the heel,
 Or envy plant a venom'd sting,—
 More fatal than the poison'd steel.

For what are thrusts into the flesh,
Or mad'ning poison from the cup,
Compared with words that pierce the soul,
And drink its very vitals up.

How oft the mind of gentle mould,
Receives the slander's Upas breath,
To nourish in the wounded soul
A sorrow that but ends with *death*.
Ah! bold indeed must be the heart
That aims to cleanse a tarnished name,
Or prove unto a doubting world,
How ill-deserved the blight and stain.

[Original.]

The Horse-Race.

BY MATILDA C. SMILEY.

"What a bad dream I had last night," yawned a young man as he rocked himself lazily to and fro in the large rocking chair in his mother's chamber.

"What was it Ralf?" asked Mrs. Norton, looking up thoughtfully from her knitting, with an anxious look on her pale, care-worn face.

"Why, I dreamed that I was falling out of that very window," said the young man, pointing to the open casement, "and it seemed to me that a pit of endless depth was beneath me, and I kept falling down, down, into utter darkness; and when I woke I was terrified out of my senses. It was horrible; but it must have been the effects of a full supper. I ate

very heartily last night, and don't feel very well to-day."

"Then I wouldn't go to the race-ground to-morrow, Ralf," said his mother, tenderly; "that was a bad dream, and you don't look well. I'm afraid something bad will come of your racing so much. I'm always so wretched when you are at the race-ground. I wish you would stay at home to-morrow, Ralf; I do indeed."

"Nonsense, mother," laughed the young man, "you are so scary. I'm sorry I told you that dream. I know it was only a judgment on me for eating so many of your nice things at supper. As for the race-ground, I must be there bright and early, and I shall win the race, too; so you mustn't be uneasy about me, I'll make money by it, you know money is all in this world; without it a man had better be hung at once;

and every little is something towards making a fortune, and I mean to have one before I die. I am getting tired of being called a poor man, and I want to get above the frowns of the world if, I can;" and the young man bit his lip moodily, as if some dark memory haunted him.

Mrs. Norton sighed, and bent her eyes on her knitting, wishing that for once she could persuade her son to do as she wished, for she had trouble of late years which would not be hushed into peace, and whenever she saw Ralf starting for the race-ground she shuddered involuntarily, and said in secret to her heart, "O, shall I ever see him alive again! My poor boy, how I tremble for him!"

And so time after time the thoughtless son had gone forth, unmindful of his mother's pleading words, and now she dispaired of ever winning him from his wild habits. Poor, fond mother, she knew not how far he had gone in the paths of dissipation. She only feared for his body, she knew not how utterly he was in the power of him who can destroy the soul.

CHAPTER II.

"You surely don't mean to ride to-day, Ralf," said a young man, as Ralf, staggering from the effects of brandy he had drank, walked towards the horse that was standing waiting impatiently for his rider. "You are not well now, and see here, you are not yourself to-day;—is fact, to be plain with you, you have taken rather too much to do such a hazardous thing as to ride a race—don't do it—hear me, think of

your mother," and the young man placed his hand earnestly on Ralf's shoulder, as if to hold him back, but with the strength of a giant Ralf threw him off, and turning his blood-shot eyes on him said angrily "Look here, James, I'll have none of this, I tell you I will ride—and I'll win the race, or go to hell." And he sprang towards his horse, and mounted. His opponent was ready and waiting for him.

The word was given, and off like lightning they darted over the green sward.

The horses are now side by side, and now Ralf has outstripped his companion—he has left him far behind, and a shout of triumph rose from the assembled multitude. But suddenly there is a pause. One rider alone is seen—the other has disappeared; and presently the eager crowd is seen pressing around a dark, mangled object, lying prone on the earth. It is Ralf—poor fellow, he has not won the race, and he is gone—we know not whither.

The race was nearly over, and Ralf was almost victorious when suddenly his horse started at the touch, and in a moment both horse and rider had fallen to the earth with their brains crushed out by a large oak that stood directly beside the path.

Friends gathered around him, and raised him up carefully, but he was dead! and they carried him home a blackened corpse to his widowed mother, who went down to her grave, grieving for the dear son who had so hated reproof, and who had left her without one hope to mingle with the tears that fell upon his cold bosom.

Editor's Port-Folio.

Behold Thy Mother!

No where, perhaps, within the whole compass of the sacred writings, can a more touching record be found than that contained in John, 19th: 25, 26, 27. "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, woman behold thy son. Then saith he to the disciple behold thy mother. And from that hour, that disciple took her to his own home." What an example of filial love and reverence do these few simple words present! Here we see the son of God, amid the inconceivable agonies of the cross, caring for his earthly parent, and providing for her comfort after he was gone. She was a lone widow. Her husband, Joseph, was in his grave. Jesus was her only child; and as she stood by his cross and beheld his more than mortal agony, she knew that she was without an earthly protector, and the full tide of desolation that swept ever her heart increased the pangs she felt in witnessing the sufferings of her son. Those persons spoken of in Matthew as the brethren and sisters of Christ, are supposed to have been the children

of her sister Mary, the wife of Cleophas. There is no evidence that the mother of our Lord ever had any other children. Jesus was subject to his mother in the days of his childhood and youth, and now in a dying hour, though the suns of a whole world are pressing upon him, he does not forget her. He has no worldly goods with which to provide for her comfort, for his life has been spent in toiling for others, and he not even secured for himself a place to lay his head. The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but he is even poorer than they. He has no earthly home in which the hoary head of his widowed mother can find shelter, but amid the reeding rocks, the darkened heavens, the quaking earth, he remembers that she must be provided for, and he appeals to the disciple whom he loved. Behold thy mother!—Well did that disciple understand the import of that appeal from his dying Lord, and well did he execute the sacred trust thus confided to him. From that hour he took her to his own home. Loving and tender, no doubt was the protecting care that surrounded her in the home of the beloved disciple, and calmly and peacefully did she descend into the vale of years, cheered by the hope of reunion with Jesus, whom she loved both as a son and a Saviour.

The Mother's First Lessons

"Ma, make sis Mary give me that apple," cried three year old Charley, and the mother turned a reproving glance upon the little girl, saying:

"Mary, give your little brother that apple, how naughty it is in you to tease him so."

"Ma, it's my apple, Uncle John gave it to me."

"I don't care if it is your apple, your little brother is younger than you are, and you shall give up to him."

Mary slowly and reluctantly relinquished her apple, and Charley ate it with great satisfaction.

Not long after Charley wanted Benny's knife, but Benny said, "No Charley, I cannot let you have it, because you knock the edge against the rocks and spoil it."

Then Charley began to cry, and his mother said, "Benny give that knife to your little brother, I can't allow you to be so disobliging."

Benny obeyed, and Charley walked off with a triumphant air, flourishing his brother's knife.

"O, missus," cried a little servant, "Charley 's got my china dog, what my mammy gin to me; I'se afeard he'll break it."

"Go away and hush; ain't you ashamed to want to take toys away from you little master Charley."

By these and similar lessons daily repeated, the impression is early fixed in Charley's mind that his wishes are to be gratified, irrespective of the rights of others; and the

other children, from witnessing these constant violations of justice on the part of the mother learn to practice the same upon each other.

The mother and mistress of a family is absolute sovereign, in an empire more important than any whose government is ever swayed by kings or princes. She is not only a sovereign in her little realm, but the legislative and executive power is placed without restriction in her hands. She is law-giver, judge, jury and executioner; and if the affairs of her kingdom are not wisely administered—administered according to the principles of strict and impartial justice, who can tell the amount or moral injury inflicted upon that little community from which all other communities take their rise? Who can tell how much of the crime, injustice and misery that afflict society at large, may be traced to the mal-administration of injudicious and incompetent mothers?

The mother of Charley saw not the effect of the injustice of her administration, upon the moral sense of those committed to her care. She thought only of present convenience when called upon to settle any little matter of dispute among the children. In a few years, Charley enters upon the stage of life as a grown up man. He has fine talents and fine personal appearance, and as his principles have never been put to the test, he manages so far to ingratiate himself into the confidence of his fellow-men, that he is entrusted with a responsible office under government. Though his salary is lib-

eral, yet his wants increase till they outgrow his means of gratification, and having never been taught that his desires must yield to the rights of others he abstracts money from the public treasury. He goes on for some time, living in almost princely splendor, denying himself no luxury that money can procure, but at length come detection, disgrace and ruin. He abandons his helpless family to the mercy of those who may chance to take pity on them, and flees to a foreign shore, to escape the retributions of the law. His course is the natural result of the lessons of selfishness and injustice taught him in the nursery.

Mothers, if you would raise men who will be reliable in any position in life, men whose integrity will be proof against temptation in every form, look well to your nursery lessons. Teach your children to respect the rights of others, even in the smallest matters, You can do this

by observing strict and impartial justice in your treatment of them, and in settling any little matter of difference between them. Say not you have no time to institute a court of enquiry over every trifling dispute among your children. For what did God give you time, if it be not for the discharge of your highest and most sacred duties. Nothing is a trifle that can effect the future character and destiny of your child. Teach him that injustice towards the weak and defenceless is more degrading to his manhood than the same conduct towards his equals. Teach him that the ever present eye of Deity is resting upon him, and point him forward to the retributions of a coming eternity. Then may you hope with the blessing of God upon your efforts, to rear a character that will bless mankind and glorify that Being in whose image he was created.

Book Notices.

THE CHRISTIAN GRACES: By Joseph P. Thompson.

This volume comprises a series of lectures on 2nd. Peter i 5—12.—

“Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance, and to temperance patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity.” The object of the author in the work before us, is to give an exposition of the circle of graces here enumerated by the Apostle—to illustrate the importance, and enforce the duty of cultivating these graces; and well has he accomplished his work. He has produced a valuable book, which it would be well to place in the hands of all those who have recently renounced the world and professed a determination to walk in the strait and narrow way that leads to eternal life.

THREE VISITS TO MADAGASCAR. With notices of the Natural History of the country, and of the present civilization of the people. By Rev. Wm. Ellis, author of *Polynesian Researches*.

It is doubtless well known to many of our readers, that efforts were made many years since by the London Missionary Society, to establish missions in this distant Island, and

that for a while these efforts were crowned with abundant success. Large numbers of the natives had been taught to read, and not a few had professed themselves christians. But unfortunately, a change occurred in their government. Not only missionaries, but all traders were banished from their island, and the native christians were subjected to the most horrid persecutions. For years nothing was known by the civilized world of what was passing in the Island, but in 1852 rumors were afloat that political changes had occurred, or were in progress in Madagascar, and the London Missionary society employed Mr. Ellis to visit the Island with a view of ascertaining whether missionary labors could be again commenced with a prospect of success. He accordingly made three successive visits during the years '53, '54, and '56, and his volume contains the result of his observations. It is written with much vivacity and imparts more information respecting this distant region than can be obtained from any other source. Mr. Ellis took with him photographic apparatus, which greatly astonished the natives, and caused them to look upon him as a being of supernatural power. This afforded him great assistance in acquiring influence and gaining access to all classes. Some of the incidents he relates respecting taking likenesses

of the natives, show that attention to personal appearance is not confined to civilized countries. He says:

"One man had a mole on his cheek, as it was on the side next the light it came out clear and strong. Nothing excited more remark than this. I saw the man himself, after feeling the mole on his cheek, with his finger, go to touch the mole on the picture, exclaiming, 'How very wonderful! I never felt anything here,' putting his finger to the mole on his cheek, 'and yet there it is,' pointing to the picture. I never suggested the arrangement of the hair, but

rarely found any one come and sit for a likeness, without giving some previous attention to one or both. Even a woman returning from work in the field, with her child at her back, adjusted her burden before having her tout ensemble rendered permanent. Sometimes the women brought their slaves to arrange their hair immediately before sitting down. At other times the men brought a looking glass and comb, and borrowing a bowl of water to moisten their and hair arranged their toilette by one holding the glass for the other."

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

As the present year is drawing to a close we hope our many friends will interest themselves in getting up clubs for the coming year—VOLUME III. Now is the time to commence. See list of premiums published in the present number. Who will obtain the prizes. Let all try, they will be sure to obtain something for their trouble if they only succeed in getting a few new names.

We have received a number of flattering notices and kind letters from friends, with well wishes for our success. We sincerely thank them all, and hope long to merit their kind attentions.

See school advertisement on page of contents.

PREMIUMS !!

A CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY!!!

Liberal Offers.

We are determined, if possible to increase the present circulation of THE AURORA to

25,000,

and offer the following inducements to Agents, Postmasters, Ministers, or any one who desires to make money and also encourage a Southern Literary Enterprise.

We Will Give

One Hundred Dollars !!

To any one who will send us 100 new subscribers. We will give

Forty-five Dollars

To any one who will send us 50 new subscribers. We will give

A Fine Gold Watch

[SEE THE NEXT PAGE.]

To any one who will send us 80 new subscribers. We will give

A SEWING MACHINE

One of Grover & Baker's,

To any Lady who will send us 100 new subscribers. We will give

\$200 IN GOLD

To any one who will send us 25 subscribers.

TEN DOLLARS

To any one who sends us 15 subscribers.

EIGHT DOLLARS

For 12 subscribers.

The success of our enterprise enables us to offer flattering inducements to persons who desire to sustain a home magazine, and thereby promote and encourage the literary talent of the South. We have secured a number of the most distinguished ladies and gentlemen as contributors, and expect by the commencement of the THIRD VOLUME to make several additions to the present able corps.

THE PRIZES will be distributed as follows: On the receipt of the names of 100 new subscribers, accompanied by the money \$200, we will send, or pay \$100 to any one whom the person getting up the club may authorize. The rest of the prizes will be given in like manner, immediately on the receipt of the list of new subscribers, accompanied with the cash.

And to any and every lady who will send us 100 new subscribers with the money we will give **A Fine Sewing Machine**. Here is a chance for the ladies to obtain, by a little exertion, a useful and elegant article, which will save them many a weary hour of stitching. How many of our lady friends will go to work and obtain these prizes? No matter how small the list you may get up, you will obtain something for your trouble.

Address all communications to the Proprietor,

W. R. GULLEY,

W. S. PERRY, General Agent.

"The Aurora,"

Literary Family Magazine.

\$2 PER. ANNUM.

Opinions of the Press.

THE AURORA.—This excellent Magazine, published at Murfreesboro Tenn., by W. R. Gulley, and edited by Mrs. E. M. Eaton, is before us, and we have taken time to give its contents some attention. We have read several of the articles with decided pleasure, and doubt not that all of them will well pay for the time employed in their perusal. We are glad to notice that the publisher, besides being a good practical printer, and a sterling, active business man, is also a poet of no mean talents, as the perusal of the original poem in this number, entitled "the Song of Gold," will bear ample testimony to all who read it.

The Aurora is a handsome monthly of over fifty pages of excellent reading matter, neatly gotten up, and well conducted, and is published at \$2 per annum, three copies for \$5. five copies for \$8, and eight copies for \$10. Address W. R. Gulley, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Nashville, News.

This ever welcome monthly comes to us laden with some of the best viands it has ever set before us. We feel like congratulating the accomplished editress in her success in furnishing reading matter of so interesting a character for the ladies of the South.—*Banner of Peace, Nashville Tenn.*

The Aurora is before us. It has two nice plates and better reading matter than any lady's book with which we are familiar.—*Palladium, Lumpkin Ga.*

All lovers of chaste and refined literature look upon this neat Magazine as the very best. It is edited by Mrs. E. M. Eaton, with that elegance and taste that shows her to be well fitted for the position.—*Democratic Herald.*

Every Mother and daughter should subscribe for it at once, for it is gotten up expressly for them.—*Trenton Standard.*

This neat and tasteful Magazine, has made its appearance once more, we find it well filled with interesting reading matter, both original and selected. It is edited with much ability, and is highly deserving of patronage.—*Chattanooga Advertiser, Chattanooga Tenn.*

This beautiful monthly is before us, and we are pleased to notice its improved appearance, an evidence of increasing prosperity and higher appreciation by the mothers and daughters of the South and West. May success attend the Daughter of the Morn in dispelling the blindness of Southern people to Southern literary merit.—*The Southern Messenger.*

See our List of
BLANDSOME PRIMITIVES,

Extra Inducements to Agents.

NEW VOLUME COMMENCES WITH JAN. 1860.

GROVER & BAKER'S



CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

NEW STYLES—Prices from \$50 to \$125. Extra charge of \$5 for Hemmers.

This Machine sews from two spools, as purchased from the store, requiring no re-winding of thread. It hems, fells, gathers, and stitches in a superior style, finishing each seam by its own operation, without recourse to the hand-needle, as is required by other machines. It will do better and cheaper sewing than a seamstress can, even if she works for *one cent an hour*.

495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

161 Baltimore St., Baltimore.
Iron Hall, 318 Pennsylvania Avenue,
Washington, D. C.
Mechanic's Hall, Richmond.

249 King St., Charleston.
33 St. Francis St., Mobile.
11 Camp St., New Orleans.
97 Fourth St., Louisville.

4 Higgins' Block, Lexington.
58 West Fourth St., Cincinnati.
154½ Superior St., Cleveland.
87 Fourth St., St. Louis.

"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have more than sustained my expectation. After trying and returning others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and, after four years' trial, have no fault to find."—*J. H. Hammond, Senator of South Carolina.*

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Family Sewing Machines for some time, and I am satisfied it is one of the best labor-saving machines that has been invented. I take much pleasure in recommending it to the public."—*J. G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee.*

"I think it by far the best patent in use. This Machine can be adapted from the finest cambric to the heaviest cassimere. It sews stronger, faster, and more beautifully than one can imagine. If mine could not be replaced, money could not buy it."—*Mrs. J. G. Brown, Nashville, Tenn.*

"It is speedy, very neat, and durable in its work; is easily understood and kept in repair. I earnestly recommend this Machine to all my acquaintances and others."—*Mrs. M. A. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.*

"We find this Machine to work to our satisfaction, and with pleasure recommend it to the public, as we believe the Grover & Baker to be the best Sewing Machine in use."—*Deary Brothers, Allisoria, Tenn.*

"If used exclusively for family purposes, with ordinary care, I will wager they will last one 'three score years and ten,' and never get out of fix."—*John Erskine, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I have had your Machine for several weeks, and am perfectly satisfied that the work it does is the best and most beautiful that ever was made."—*Maggie Atkinson, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I use my Machine upon coats, dressmaking, and fine linen stitching, and the work is admirable—far better than the best hand-sewing, or any other machine I have ever seen."—*Lucy B. Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I find the work the strongest and most beautiful I have ever seen, made either by hand or machine, and regard the Grover & Baker Machine as one of the greatest blessings to our sex."—*Mrs. Taylor, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I have one of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines in use in my family, and find it invaluable. I can confidently recommend it to all persons in want of a machine."—*G. T. Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I would be unwilling to dispose of my Grover & Baker Machine for a large amount, could I not replace it again at pleasure."—*Mrs. H. G. Scovel, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I take pleasure in certifying to the utility of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines. I have used one on almost every description of work for months, and find it much stronger and better in every respect than work done by hand."—*Mrs. D. W. Wheeler, Nashville, Tenn.*

"Our two Machines, purchased from you, do the work of twenty young ladies. We with pleasure recommend the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine to be the best in use."—*N. Stillman & Co., Memphis, Tenn.*

"The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine works admirably. I think the stitch and work far superior to that of any Sewing Machine I ever saw. On fine work, I think the Machine would be hard to beat."—*W. J. Davie, Memphis, Tenn.*

"I find the Machine easily managed, very durable, and take pleasure in recommending it to all who wish convenience, economy, and pleasure."—*Mrs. F. Titus, Memphis, Tenn.*

"The Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have given such satisfaction that we cheerfully recommend them to all who wish a good and substantial Sewing Machine. It executes work with much care and speed, and more finely than any other machine I have seen."—*Mrs. R. B. Mitchell, Memphis, Tenn.*

"I am happy to give my testimony in favor of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, and of the perfect satisfaction it gives in every respect. It sews neatly, and is by no means complicated, and I prefer it to all others I have seen."—*Mrs. Bryan, wife of Rev. A. M. Bryan, Memphis, Tenn.*

"It affords me much pleasure to say, that the Machine works well; and I do not hesitate to recommend it as possessing all the advantages you claim for it. My wife is very much pleased with it, and we take pleasure in certifying to this effect."—*R. C. Brinkley, Memphis, Tenn.*

"It gives me pleasure to find the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine giving so much satisfaction. I have it in constant use, and find it all that could be desired. It is the most simple and durable machine in use, and I heartily recommend it."—*F. M. White, Memphis, Tenn.*

"Having seen, examined, and used many other kinds of Sewing Machines, I feel free to say that the Grover & Baker Machines are far superior to all others in use."—*M. Francom Seltz, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I consider my Sewing Machine invaluable, and would not take five times its cost, if I could not supply its place. With it I can do all my family sewing in about one-fourth the time I could with my hand."—*M. J. Scott, Nashville, Tenn.*

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

GROVER & BAKER'S
FAMILY



SEWING MACHINES

OPINIONS OF THE AMERICAN PRESS

Superior to all others. [N. Y. Mercury]
It requires no respooling. [N. Y. Evangelist]
The favorite for family use, [Brooklyn Star]
The best for family use. [Woodstock Age]
Are superior to all others. [Hingham Journal]
A most admirable invention. [Boston Courier]
It sews every thing. [Boston Watchman]
It fastens its own end. [Nashville News]
Very superior—will not rip. [Maysville Eagle]
Grover & Baker's is the best [Goshen Dem]
The best gift to woman. [Ohio Farmer]
The best in the market [Middleton Press]
It is in itself a host. [Puritan Recorder]
Purchase a Grover & Baker. [Elmira Gazette]
Has no superior. [Ashtabula Telegraph]

To all of which The Tribune says Amen.
It is all that it claims to be.
It finishes its own work; others do not.
We give it the preference.
It needs only to be seen to be appreciated.
Adapted for woolen, linen or cotton.
We like Grover & Baker's best.
Grover & Baker's is the best.
Which is best? Grover & Baker's.
It sews strongly and does not rip.
Works more completely than any other.
Is not liable to get out of repair.
Is adapted to all home requirements.
A very pretty piece of furniture.
Its great merit is in its peculiar stitch.
We attest its simplicity and durability.
Well adapted to all kinds of family sewing
The most blessed invention of modern times
Sews silk or cotton from ordinary spools
They are enjoying universal favor
Superior to any now manufactured
Will do more work than a dozen hands
There can be no competition with them.
We give preference to Grover & Baker's
They require no adjusting of machinery
Is easier kept in order than any other
Every home should have a Grover & Baker
We highly appreciate their value
Grover & Baker's are superior to any others
Grover & Baker's machine is easily managed
A perpetual source of joy to the home circle
This machine is the finest of its kind
The inventor deserves well of his country
Possesses more advantages than any other
All articles are made with it with ease
Lightens the labors of those at home
Grover & Baker's have the best improvements
Not liable to get out of order
Will give better satisfaction than any other
We know it to be a superior article

[N. Y. Tribune]
[N. Y. Independent]
[Home Journal]
[American Baptist]
[Phren. Jour]
[Am Monthly]
[Ladie's Wreath]
[American Agriculturist]
[N. Y. Dispatch]
[Life Illustrated]
[N. A. Messenger]
[Virgennes Citizen]
[Dover Enquirer]
[Machias Union]
[Family Circle]
[National Magazine]
[N. Y. Observer]
[Moth Mag]
[Haverhill Gazette]
[New Orleans Picayune]
[New Orleans Delta]
[Washington Union]
[N. O. T. Delta]
[Bost. S. E. Gazette]
[Phil. City Item]
[Wool Grover]
[Newton Segister]
[American Missionary]
[Boston Adv]
[Flushing Times]
[Kingston Republican]
[St. Johnsbury Caledonian]
[Taunton Gazette]
[Nashville Gazette]
[Hazard's Gaz]
[Ploughman]
[Hunt. Journal]
[Westchester Jeffersonian]
[Pough Eagle]
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ALL MEDICINES SHOULD BE PREPARED BY A PHYSICIAN!
DR. SWAYNE'S CELEBRATED FAMILY MEDICINES.

Entirely Vegetable, and free from all Injurious Ingredients.

These medicines are prepared with great care, and expressly for Family use, and are the result of many years extensive practice in Philadelphia, by Dr. SWAYNE. There is scarcely a town or hamlet in the United States, in which they have not been used with the *most happy result*. A single trial will place them beyond the reach of competition, in the estimation of every patient.

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Liver Complaint, Tickling or Rising Sensation in the Throat, Nervous Debility, Weakness of Voice, Palpitation or Disease of the Heart, Pains in the Side or Breast, Broken Constitution from various causes, the Abuse of Calomel, Bronchitis. Whooping Cough, Croup, Scrofula, (or King's Evil,) and Consumption in its incipient and confirmed stages.

CURE FOLLOWS CURE!!

DR. SWAYNE:—Dear Sir—Believing your *Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry* to be the very best remedy extant, and desiring all may know and test its virtues, I offer my experience. I was taken with a violent cough, difficult expectoration, short breath, &c. This continued until my health and strength seemed entirely gone. Our village physician declared my complaint Consumption and incurable. I was recommended to try your Syrup, which has performed a perfect cure. My health is now very good; have not been affected with the affection since. — Yours, with respect,

MRS. JOSEPH LYNN.

Middleburg, Carrol Co., Md., Dec. 22. 1858.

I not only take pleasure, but deem it a duty I owe to suffering humanity, to state what *Doctor Swayne's compound Syrup of Wild Cherry* has done for me. I was taken with a violent cough, bloody expectoration, great difficulty of breathing, so that I had to get out of my bed and set up all night. I procured the above valuable medicines of Harman Titus, Bensalem, who can also testify that it has made a perfect cure.

JOHN W. PAGE.

Bensalem, Bucks Co., Pa., May 15, 1857.

Dr. M. Emanuel, Vicksburg, Miss., Says of *Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry*: I esteem it highly, and recommend it to my customers in preference to all other similar preparation. "*Swayne's Wild cherry*" cured Thomas Dixon Point of Rocks, Md., of confirmed Consumption; over five years have elapsed and he is still a hearty man at this date, March, 1858.

CAUTION!—Let it be remembered that this is the first preparation of *Wild Cherry* for Coughs, Colds, Consumptions &c., that was ever prepared in this country, and perhaps the only one prepared by a regular physician—although there are the names of popular Physicians attached to Wild Cherry preparations, who had nothing to do with their Compounding. probably never had, but more with the view to give popularity, and by that advance sales to the unsuspecting or unthinking. Always inquire particularly for DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY the original and only genuine "cherry" preparation.

AHEAD OF ALL OTHER PILLS! DR. SWAYNE'S SUGAR-COATED SARSAPARILLA & EXTRACT OF TAR PILLS.

A mild and gentle Cathartic; unsurpassed by any medicine. Unlike other Pills, these neither gripe nor produce nausea.

DR. SWAYNE'S BOWEL CORDIAL.—A pleasant and sure remedy for Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, &c. It cures griping or nausea at once. Try it; only 25 cts.

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DR. SWAYNE'S VERMIFUGE, OR WORM KILLER. A sure worm Killer—an excellent tonic—good for delicate and sickly children—pleasant to the taste. None genuine except in Square bottles.

DR. SWAYNE'S FLUID EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA.

Highly concentrated—for Blood Purifying, Scrofula, &c., &c.

These Standard remedies prepared only by DR. H. SWAYNE & SON Philadelphia
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